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Events of the Week.

THERE has been a considerable amount of military activity during the week. The Austrians have initiated a great offensive in the Trentino and have secured some initial successes. The Russians have suddenly struck a new blow at the Turkish communications with Mesopotamia, and have advanced from Trebizond along the coast. The British have made slight progress on the Vimy ridge, which, if it were wholly in our hands, would almost certainly compel a German retirement towards Douai. There has been a good deal of movement over both the Eastern and Western fronts, and the balance has been in our favor. The only operation which has any immediate significance is the Austrian threat to the Italian communications through the Plain of Venetia. The enemy must attack or he admits defeat, and of the four or five possible sectors against which he might operate, he has chosen the one least likely to yield a decision. The interpretation of this seems to be that he has given up the hope of securing a decision, but thinks he may further his peace projects with the Allies if he can show them that he is still capable of causing considerable trouble. The Italians have plenty of resources of all sorts, and should be able to reinforce the lessons of Verdun.

THE general decline of the enemy and the marked decline of Austria-Hungary have given rise to an attack upon the Italian front. The whole of the front seems to have been subjected to an intense bombardment, and there were small infantry engagements upon various sectors. One of the most important of these took place east of Monfalcone, where the Italian positions virtually outflank Gorizia. The

main attack was carried out on a front of some fourteen miles, in the neighborhood of Rovereto, where the lines had been pressed right up to the outskirts of the town, and the Austrians are attempting to issue into the Venetian Plain. The special character of the frontier perpetually offered this threat to Italy, and hence General Cadorna had to occupy strong positions in the Trentino while pressing his main advance along the Isonzo. Any advance into the Plain of Venetia, if it could be pressed to the Verona railway, would cut off the Isonzo armies, and even the presence of an enemy force near his line of communications, unless speedily dealt with, would force Cadorna to withdraw from his positions farther east.

So far the offensive has followed the normal course. Pressed with great determination, it secured the first lines of the Italian positions, and, on Monday, a number of prisoners and some guns were taken. The attack was followed up on the following day, and more prisoners and guns were captured. The Austrian *communiqué* puts the number of prisoners at 7,000, and it is clear that in a withdrawal from mountain positions detachments of the defenders must become isolated, and be compelled to surrender. But the total number probably includes the Italian wounded. The Italian artillery has already inflicted heavy losses on the enemy, and in this particularly severe fighting it is almost certain that the small advance has been dearly bought. The Austrians claim to have stormed the height of Zugna Torta, which flanks the road from Rovereto to Vicenza; but the Italians report that they repulsed repeated violent attacks upon the position. It is notable that the attempt to enter the Venetian Plain is being made through Sette Comuni, one of the extremely few German-speaking enclaves in the Irredenta; but the possibilities of the terrain have long been studied by Italian soldiers, and we may trust them to deal with the situation.

THE Russian campaign in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, which has been fruitful of dramatic surprises, has provided another unexpected development. A force which must have scaled the frontier mountain rim has appeared south of Lake Urumiah and captured Revanduz, eighty miles east of Mosul, and the cavalry is pressing the pursuit of the retreating Turks. This constitutes a second threat to the Mesopotamian communications, since General Baratoff, 200 miles to the south, is now only about 100 miles from Baghdad, and threatens to take in rear the Turkish force which faces General Goringe. The new stroke shows that the Grand Duke continues to keep a firm and skilful hold on the situation. The only progress at present is being made on the flanks. Towards Erzerum, indeed, the Russians have fallen back some three or four miles. The Turkish resistance has gathered head in this direction; but its fortunes cannot be dissociated from those of the Russian advance along the coast and the new column directed upon Mosul. The coast advance threatens to turn the Turkish line about Baiburt, on the Trebizond-Erzerum road, and if the progress towards Mosul can be maintained, not only will the Mesopotamian force be placed

in jeopardy, but even the southern flank of the Armenian army will be ultimately turned. The Grand Duke's operations show that he is determined to avoid a parallel battle if possible.

THE official inquiry into the causes of the Irish rebellion was opened upon Thursday by the statement of Sir Matthew Nathan, ex-Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. Sir Matthew said that the rebels decided to start the rebellion upon Easter Monday by a majority of one. The total number of disloyal Volunteers in Ireland was 16,000, and there were 3,000 members of the Citizen Army in Dublin. Arms were stolen or bought from soldiers on leave, and were imported from England. It had been decided that disarmament of the Volunteers would alienate the majority of the Irish people, and the same thought prevented the authorities from arresting men drilling with arms and from preventing or punishing those who took part in the sham attack on Dublin Castle last October. At length, three days before the rising, it became known that the rebels were acting in concert with Germany, and discussions took place at Dublin Castle. Before they had been concluded the Castle was attacked by the rebels.

THE mystery of Mr. Asquith's sudden visit to Dublin and Belfast has been well maintained. It has been a time of almost feverish speculation in journalism, heightened by the unexpected step of the admission of the Prime Minister to the Irish Privy Council, a step hardly to be explained on any other grounds than as a movement towards some important change in the present administration of Irish affairs. There is, of course, a narrower as well as a broader interpretation of the Prime Minister's visit. It may have been dictated merely or mainly by the desire for personal conference with men upon the spot in regard to matters directly arising from the rebellion, the conduct or withdrawal of martial law, and the questions of disarmament and compensation.

BUT it is generally held that a larger purpose underlay the visit—that of a serious attempt to utilize the healing influences which the crisis had created among some of the leaders of Irish opinion, by a tentative arrangement for joint administrative action in substitution for the old Castle rule. To vest large powers in an Administrative Council, nominated so as to contain the best available men of both loyalist parties and of no party, was recognized as a likely interim policy. It might bring men of hitherto hostile minds and associations into some mutual understanding, and the habit of co-operation for a common national good might help later towards an amicable settlement of the Home Rule issue. Apart from this preparatory value, the conspicuous failure of Irish administration in the recent rising calls for some drastic changes, both of *personnel* and *method*, and it is to be hoped rather than expected that the new arrangement, whatever it be, will carry the larger import. The trouble seems to be that local Ulster feeling fears and distrusts the greater moderation and the possible conciliation of its absentee leaders.

TWO busy days brought the first stage of the case of Sir Roger Casement and the ex-rifleman Bailey to its inevitable close, a committal for trial on a charge of high treason "without the realm of England." Though no new facts of great importance came out in the evidence, the details of the landing and discovery, and the preparations for a far more formidable insurrection than actually occurred, have gravely impressed the public

mind. The presence and the bearing of such a prisoner on such a charge seemed to some listeners a dramatic presentation of the whole tragic history of Ireland. Two minor and hardly relevant bits of evidence told powerfully, one this way, one the other, upon the feelings of the public. The first was the rather fulsome note of thanks written to Sir Edward Grey on the intimation of the knighthood. The other was the recital of the prisoner's emotion on hearing of the two lads who lost their lives plunging into the tide. It is believed that the trial will take place in about three weeks' time.

IN two interviews with American journalists, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour have gone far to emphasize the international programme for which this country is fighting in this war. Though the latter dealt only with "the freedom of the seas," his logic led him to the solution of international control with a backing of force, and the real conclusion from both pronouncements was that the prime object of the war is the creation of a powerful international machinery to enforce the law of nations. Sir Edward Grey touched on many themes, especially the necessity for full reparation to Belgium, and the innocence of our policy before the war of any design to make "a coalition against Germany." He gave a vehement denial to the accusation that the Allies desire to destroy a "united and free Germany," and expressed the hope that the German democracy (whose love of peace he fully recognized) would after the war secure full control of German policy.

THE main point of the interview was a definition of what is meant by the crushing of Prussian militarism. Our aim is to free Europe from hectoring diplomacy and the peril of war, the rattling of the sabre, the talk of shining armor, and War Lords. This kept the world in constant unrest, and forced it to ever-increasing armaments. Prussian militarism was the philosophy which taught that peace spells degeneracy, believed in the wholesomeness of ever-recurrent war, and aimed at "a Europe modelled and ruled by Prussia." We stand, on the contrary, for negotiation, and have faith in international congresses. Such a conference, Sir Edward Grey believes, if Germany would have entered it, could have prevented this war in a week's sittings. This is by far the clearest definition yet given of our general aim in the war. It might well be carried a stage further. It seems to imply that Prussian militarism will be crushed, and the aim of the war attained on the day when Germany agrees to submit in future the arbitrament, even of capital disputes, to some procedure of conference, tribunal, or mediation.

MR. BALFOUR's argument on the "freedom of the seas" is addressed primarily to the American public. He points out that, in directing attention to our use of sea-power to put "economic pressure" on Germany, the Germans are also diverting it from their own practices on land. They certainly have used military power to apply "economic pressure" in the most ruthless way to conquered populations. Americans should remember that the sea-power which they wish to limit is a check on military power. "To paralyse naval power and leave military power uncontrolled is surely the worst injury which international law can inflict upon mankind." How would America herself fare if she should ever have to oppose a German adventure in South America? Without military force she cannot really desire, by legal restrictions, to render her naval force valueless. And, further, though Germany may adopt the American view of sea law, can Americans feel satisfied that she would

observe it? "Thus we are forced to the sorrowful recognition of the weakness of international law so long as it is unsupported by international authority."

* * *

FROM this position Mr. Balfour goes on to suggest that Britain and the United States should work together for the realization of their common ideal. It might be mischievous to alter sea law and disarm the Powers which wield it, until an international authority is constituted, which must have force behind it. All the contrivances of Congresses and the like are scraps of paper, unless they can be enforced, and to devise a machinery to enforce them will tax the world's statesmanship to its utmost. One might have expected Mr. Balfour at this point to suggest that British and American statesmanship should combine to contrive this machinery. What he actually suggests is, first, that Britain and America must not be deprived, or deprive themselves, of sea power and the right to use it to the full; and, secondly, "that these powers should be organized in the interests of an ideal common to the two States, an ideal upon whose progressive realization the happiness and peace of the world must largely depend." This may be read to mean that Mr. Balfour is proposing that Britain and America should combine their forces and place them at the disposal of an international court. It may, however, mean merely a suggestion of a future alliance of the ordinary type. In either case, it is of the first importance.

* * *

THE Military Service Bill passed its third reading upon Tuesday. A series of amendments to exempt the sole head of a business on the ground that the business would otherwise be closed down, and serious financial hardship ensue to his dependents, was defeated, but Mr. Long promised to issue a circular to the Tribunals, covering such cases. The position of men medically rejected is a little improved by Mr. Tennant's promise that an instruction will be sent to recruiting officers exempting men whose rejection is recorded in the official documents retained by the military authorities, and those who hold a form saying that they have been rejected permanently. The Government opposed amendments changing the age at which a man becomes subject to the Act from eighteen to nineteen, but agreed to insert a clause to prevent recruits being sent abroad except in the case of military necessity. Time-expired men have been granted a small relief by the provision that if they have served twelve years and have attained the age of forty-one they are not liable. A more significant concession was the modified amendment of Mr. Barnes which restores to workmen employed in controlled establishments the two months' grace before they are liable to military service. The Bill finally passed from the Commons frankly a measure of compromise, but with all the balance on the side of those who are bent on extending the scope of compulsion.

* * *

THE question of the Conscientious Objectors has become critical during the week. We feel that there is no doubt that a certain number of them have been sent to France. Mr. Long, pressed upon the question whether they would be liable to the death penalty for continual refusal of obedience, could only reply that the death sentence was awarded by court-martial for desertion, or for refusal of service in the face of the enemy. This, he said, would mean disobedience in the front trenches, whither the Conscientious Objectors, he told the House, would not be sent. It is evident that this statement amounts to very much less even than a Ministerial pledge, and that we have no security against

the infliction of the only penalty which cannot be undone. In the meantime, a number of members of the Committee of the No-Conscription Fellowship have been prosecuted for issuing a pamphlet against conscription, and substantial fines have been imposed. The case, being subject to appeal, cannot at this stage be commented on in detail. It may fairly be remarked, however, that public opinion will draw a clear distinction between any attempt to organize opposition to conscription within the Army and public protests against the Acts or their administration. The Government have clearly stated that such protests would not be regarded as violations of the law.

* * *

THE air debate on Wednesday was remarkable for two things: the announcement of the formation of an Air Board and the extraordinary treatment meted out to Mr. Pemberton Billing. The Judicial Committee appointed to inquire into the administration of the Royal Flying Corps met on Tuesday, but Mr. Billing did not appear, and, when invited, refused to attend on the ground that several of his charges related to the Royal Naval Air Service, which was excluded from the scope of the inquiry, that the Committee was not suitable for a technical inquiry, that he could not be assisted by counsel, and that only part of the proceedings were to be in public. When he rose to speak in the debate on Wednesday he was counted out. It is difficult to say who came off the worse in this encounter. The Commons create a strange and ominous precedent in refusing to hear a member merely because he has acted in a persistently ill-advised and school-boyish manner. Mr. Churchill stated that we are not now in a position of equality with Germany, and urged a resumption of the attacks upon Zeppelin bases. Mr. Joynson Hicks said that our aeroplanes are "maids of all work" instead of being specialized types, and quoted an actual instance of what Mr. Billing would have described as "murder," owing to an airman being sent up in an unsuitable machine.

* * *

THE Air Board, which has been constituted to remove the anomaly of dual control, has Lord Curzon for its president, and can discuss and advise, but has no executive power. It is difficult to see the value of having a president with great driving force—as Mr. Bonar Law put it—if he is expressly forbidden to drive. The Board is to have two naval and two military members; but at present there has been no suggestion that the problem is sufficiently scientific to call for the assistance of a first-rate physicist. The Admiralty is already employing one or two first-rate men of science. Why should not they be made members of the Board? The new Board is doomed to failure if the War Department and Admiralty are each to retain eminent scientific advisers and the Board itself to be left without their help.

* * *

TEWKESBURY is evidence, if not of the popularity of the Coalition, at any rate of the small chances of an Independent Candidate who has against him the combined organizations of the two great parties. Mr. Hicks Beach, who stood as a Conservative with the support of the Coalition Government, has been elected by the huge majority of 5,689—7,127 votes against 1,438—over Mr. Boosey, the Independent candidate. The total poll was much larger than had been anticipated. Mr. Hicks Beach attributed his success to the determination of the country to present a united front, and a realization on the part of electors that considered criticism of the Government was to be preferred to the policy of mere destruction advocated by irresponsible persons.

Politics and Affairs.

THE COST OF CONSCIENCE.

WITH what ideals did we go into this war, and with what realities are we ending it? High principles of international justice, national right, humanity, even in warfare, were on our lips eighteen months ago. Nor were they on our lips alone. Those do their countrymen deep injustice who do not recognize that the cause of Belgium animated tens of thousands of those young men who marched the roads to the tune of "Tipperary" in those golden September days. Beyond the case of Belgium there was a sincere feeling—indeed, we should call it a true perception—that this country stood for the solidarity of human interests, and for the distinctive ideals of Western democracy. This truth—the fundamental truth about the war—has never been shaken by criticism, but has, on the contrary, been fortified by the further revelation of German methods. But there was another kind of sceptical or pessimistic criticism not so easy to meet. "You go to war," it said, "to maintain certain sacred rights. But war is in practice incompatible with right—not only an unjust, as you would admit, but even and equally a just, war. War is an impartial tyrant that forces upon all who yield to it essentially the same system of disregard of primary human obligations. It is not only the laws, as the Romans admitted, which are silent amid arms; but morals, conscience, religion, humanity. You may make up your mind over and over again that it shall not be so. But the facts will be too strong for you. You give yourself over to the drill-sergeant. Even worse, you give yourself over to that thing of terror, the non-combatant. You abandon your political or personal freedom. These things are alien from war, where one must command and all the rest obey. In a word, fighting for liberty, democracy, and right, you inevitably hand yourself over to the control of a spirit which knows liberty, democracy, and right only to hate them and trample them under foot."

The great internal or domestic question of the war has been and will be whether this pessimistic criticism would justify itself. That there would have to be many restrictions on personal liberty was, of course, recognized by the most optimistic; but they would have argued that the crisis was of the gravest, and that restrictions honestly held necessary to preserve the existence of the nation, could not fairly come under the ban. But there have been departures which cannot be justified by this criterion. Of these the treatment of the Conscientious Objector to military service is perhaps the most flagrant. We say nothing for the moment of the general case for or against conscription. But accepting conscription, the Government, like everyone else, was aware that there was a small but perfectly sincere and resolute body of men who would refuse conformity. In the case of the larger section of this body, the Society of Friends, the reasons are familiar to all, and have been familiar for two centuries and more—so familiar that even Hegel, the philosophic sponsor of the Prussian State, suggests that for Quakers and Anabaptists it would be reasonable to find a substitute for military service. It was also matter of current knowledge that besides Quakers there were a few others who, some as Christians, others as Socialists, hold the taking of human life a thing absolutely unlawful, and refuse to take part in it directly or indirectly. Parliament saw the danger of a clash between law and conscience, and saw also that it could be averted. The number to be considered was so small that it could have no sensible effect on our military efficiency.

All that was necessary was to have some assurance that the conscientious objection was genuine and not a mere cloak for slackness or for convenience. Unfortunately, the intention of Parliament was haltingly and inadequately expressed, and the tribunals which it set up were, in many cases, unequal to the task of doing justice to opinions which they, like most of us, hold to be in fact mistaken. The result is that in numerous cases, after a most unedifying exhibition of dialectics as to the meaning of some exceedingly plain passages in the Gospels, or as to the probable action of the objector in various imaginary contingencies, his appeal is either refused altogether or he is passed for non-combatant service, which, as a rule, he regards as morally on one plane with the actual fighting. Of these men, a number are proving their sincerity, and therefore, *ipso facto*, the error of the tribunal, by maintaining their refusal to serve, against the full pressure of military authority. Some have been sent to hard labor, and others—most sinister of all—to France. As to the fate of these men, the question is urgent and critical. The Government makes some vague disclaimers as to the death penalty, but Government disclaimers are valueless. We are launched upon what is, in effect, a religious persecution, and if no adequate protest is made, we may at any moment hear that, for the first time, we suppose, for two centuries under English law, a man has gone deliberately to his death for his religious faith. The peculiar vice of this persecution is that every step it takes proves, out of its own mouth, the sincerity of its victims and the inequity and inconsistency of its own methods. For the principle, accepted by Parliament, upon which the whole scheme of compulsion rests is that the true Conscientious Objector shall be free. Every man persecuted is being threatened, punished, imprisoned, and in danger of death because he has been held not to be a sincere objector, and every threat or act of persecution that he steadily confronts proves the contention to be false, proves the tribunal that refused him exemption to be wrong, proves that he is precisely not that which he is punished for being. No Jesuit or Calvinist ever stultified himself thus. But, just as the unlovely Calvinist faith shines in history through the supreme endurance of Calvinists, so the unreasonable—even we would say the impossible—creed of those who hold it wrong to defend their country, will be redeemed by the steadfastness with which it is maintained, and just as each persecuting religion defamed itself so thoroughly that the entire cause of religion has, with difficulty, survived, so will it be with militarism. From its own point of view, militarism had better lose ten battles and exhibit the very heart of its incompetence for all the daws of the world's Press to peck at, than shoot one boy who tells it that his simple faith in Christ's words forbids him to help in slaying another man. Will the Government take decisive action now and save us from a tragedy, for which, in the future, they, like the rest of us, will be sorry? If not, will those bodies, secular and religious, which have in the past held conscience in regard, speak clearly while there is still time? There is here no question of obstructing the war. The war is not being helped by the diversion of the efforts of various good soldiers from their proper business of fighting the Germans to the futile task of forcibly converting a good citizen into a reluctant non-combatant camp follower. It is a question, not merely of saving innocent lives, but of maintaining our good name and ensuring the hopes and ideals with which we went into the war, and for which, in all good faith, scores of thousands of the best of our sons and brothers have freely given their blood.

THE SIEGE OF GERMANY.

It is clear that not only the duration of a siege but also its signs and symptoms vary with the area besieged. Above a certain area, every increase adds disproportionately to the resources available immediately and remotely. Under the stimulus of necessity problems of support and defence are reduced to their essentials, and made capable of solution in that vast and fascinating sphere of substitutes. In the case of small besieged areas, the progress of the siege can be seen; but with larger and more highly organized areas it can only be deduced with difficulty. Yet nothing can be more necessary in a war which now engages the whole nation than that we should have some trustworthy knowledge of the temper and resources of the enemy.

At the outset, it is necessary to realize that Germany is besieged. The essentials of a siege are a limited area and resources, gravely disproportionate to those of the besieging army. This, beyond question, is the state of Germany. All the wild dreams of salvation from the East have now been proved bankrupt. The corridor to Turkey is now seen to be a channel to draw off her resources. Germany has been forced to send across it stores of ammunition, skilled workmen, a sprinkling of soldiers, and some competent leaders. Her gain by it is the distraction of the Allied command and the dispersion of our forces. But the siege is not raised. In effect, it is shortened by the amount of supplies of munitions and men sent through to Turkey.

In Germany at this moment there is an undoubted shortage of food. The evidence of this is beyond dispute. The police-president of Munich speaks of 4,000 or 5,000 soldiers' wives and poor people waiting outside the food markets from 1 a.m. to buy scraps of meat. A German diplomatist in America admits the shortage of meat, and claims that it is good for his compatriots. In a German newspaper there is a criticism of the mismanagement of the potato supply, and it is significant that the Minister of Finance recently rebutted the charge of a general food shortage by claiming that there were plenty of potatoes. In Bavaria richer people have been found with small hoards of food. All these facts are the normal symptoms of a siege which has made some progress. Hoarding and high organization ultimately amounting to rationing, can be seen in any siege, Kut being the most recent instance. But besides the shortage of food, there is a diminution in commodities directly necessary for the conduct of war. Stories of our inhumanity in preventing Red Cross supplies reaching Germany now match those with which we are assailed for closing the external avenues of food. Nurses are said to have died for the lack of rubber gloves, and Germany clamors for carbolic acid. The interesting feature of such complaints is that rubber and carbolic acid are two prime necessities of war, and a proper proportion can only be preserved for hospitals if the direct war supply is restricted. Carbolic acid is the parent of picric acid, melinite, lyddite, and can be decomposed into the parent of trinitro-toluene. There is a shortage, also, of metals.

The most fundamental shortage, however, is of men. If all the men could be devoted to intensive agriculture and to chemistry these other needs could be satisfied. And this should be sufficient to show that a siege is essentially a military problem. If a military decision could be achieved the siege would end. A recent order of the German War Ministry points out that even for work that is "both urgent and of importance for the conduct of the war" exemption for trained and skilled men can only be granted where their physique is such that they are only

fit for garrison duty and non-combatant service. What, then, is the value of von Moltke's statement that Germany has plenty of human material? Further, we know that the bulk of the 1916 class has already been engaged, and this, together with the fact that even skilled hands are being taken from munition work, is sufficient to prove that the man supply is failing rapidly. The "best qualified authority of Germany" in America boldly admits that the war is a draw. There can be no defeated side, and the *status quo ante* will be accepted. In the light of such a statement we are perfectly justified in deducing that the besieged has no hope of relief and sees mere capitulation in prospect. It is completely unthinkable that a responsible German could ever have made such an admission otherwise.

Yet how to reduce this besieged fortress most rapidly is a question of some difficulty. The area under siege is so wide and its defence works so various that the problem bewilders while it stimulates. Yet it is sufficiently like all fortified or entrenched areas to be considered in the same way. The aim of every general besieged by a temporarily inferior but rapidly increasing enemy is to push out his lines, and weaken the concentration against him. That was the real intention of the German Staff in involving Turkey in the struggle. We have been compelled to keep forces in distant places. But in attacking Turkey in force we are going the most round-about way to end the war. The Turkish field represents the most distant outer lines of the fortress, whereas we should realize that on the Western front we are attacking the key sector. If we drive in the Western front, the war will be at an end. But if we march to the gates of Constantinople, if having put Turkey out of reckoning we advance to Belgrade, if we take Buda-Pesth, Germany is not beaten, and will not necessarily be any nearer capitulation.

It is true that a victory in any part of the field must have its influence upon the operations elsewhere; and where lines of investment are presumed impregnable, but only as impregnable as the defensive lines against which they stand sentinel, it is tempting to force the fighting on a sector where the manœuvre war is still possible. Yet the German lines can only be considered impregnable by ignoring the lessons of Neuve Chapelle, Loos, and Carençy, and we do wrong to think the cost of an advance to Belgrade as less than that of breaking through in the West, merely because the casualties would be less immediate. Ultimately, they would probably be far higher, while the effect would be far less. But since through some division of interests and counsels we have embarked upon major offensive operations in the East we must see them through, and in this way so shorten our lines against the main enemy that our preponderance of force will be overwhelming. The siege progresses; the enemy weakens; victory matures. But to seize it we have finally to reckon with our chief—in a just sense our only—enemy, Germany.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD-WAR.

THE sharp crisis has passed, during which America seemed to be on the brink of the world-war, and it has left an ambiguous result behind it. The submarine controversy is, for the moment, settled, at least on paper, but it was only a symbol of the real issue. Most countries on the verge of war have passed through some decision comparable to this. There is a limited case which, by all the conventions of international politics, is held to justify war, but these limited and definite issues will rarely conduct a pacific democracy to war, unless there

lies behind them a far broader conflict of principle. We just missed such an experience ourselves in those momentous days of July two years ago. A slightly different handling of the negotiations by both sides might have isolated the Belgian issue, and then confronted us with the further question whether, even if Belgium were left unviolated, we could stand aside from a conflict which must change the face of Europe. The decision with which America has been wrestling was even more difficult than that. The lawless and continued slaughter of its own citizens in violation of international right has always been held by every civilized State a legitimate occasion for war. It is, however, an occasion which a humane democracy is slow to use. It may lose scores or hundreds of lives by outrage, but it knows that it must risk tens of thousands to avenge them. Mr. Wilson refused again and again to use such a pretext for a war on Mexico, and it is patent that he would not have used it for a war against Germany unless the American conscience had been disturbed by a sense of neglected duty as it watched the violation of Belgium, the peril of France and Serbia, and the whole colossal struggle for the shaping of the future Europe. He had missed the chance of intervening for the protection of Belgium, and all America and Mr. Roosevelt were then content that he should miss it. The old doctrine that Americans have no concern with the fate of the effete and king-ridden continent died hard, and the first instinct of most Americans was to thank the Providence which had stretched the Atlantic between their Republic and chaos. That mood has passed, and Mr. Wilson is to-day the butt of furious philippics, not merely from Mr. Roosevelt, but even from the sober Mr. Root, which denounce neutrality as cowardice and a dereliction of duty. His own "preparedness" campaign said in effect, "We may sit safe on the rim of chaos to-day, but after the war we must be ready to enter it." With no definite foreign policy as yet in view, it implied that events might compel America to adopt a foreign policy with armaments behind it. The sinking of the "Sussex" brought the decision to the test of a gamble. The real feeling behind the Note was the growing sense that the interests of civilization required that America should play her part. But the decision depended on the chance that Germany would yield on the limited submarine issue. She has yielded, and America remains a neutral. But every American knows, none the less, that the interests of civilization are wider than the issue of "visit and search."

It is probable that the crucial moment has passed, and it may not return. Torpedo tubes, however, are as likely as cannon to "go off of themselves," and, even if Germany really means at length to keep her promise, there may be regrettable incidents, and cases which will have to be explained away. But when a nation's emotional clock-work has been wound up to war-point, and then allowed to run down, it does not readily repeat the process. The Presidential campaign absorbs the attention of voters and politicians. While Mr. Roosevelt attacks the President for his adherence to neutrality, the effect must be to throw on his side the German and Irish voters (the latter roused to something of their old attitude by the Dublin executions), and the more those muster behind him, the less likely is he to press any future controversy to the point of hostile intervention. He is a man of sympathies too large to wash his hands finally of any concern in our struggle. But there are two ways in which the United States may play its part. It might become a belligerent, and this it would have done if the German Chancellor had returned a stiff answer to its Note. It might also intervene as a neutral (conceivably as an armed neutral) to counsel peace, or even to

call for it. There is no doubt that such an intervention as this would be in accord with all the deeper instincts of the American people. The difficulties of any hostile intervention were very real. To have been content merely with a formal breach of diplomatic relations would have seemed like weakness. A Great Power can hardly declare itself hostile to another, and yet refrain from action which would prove that its hostility is to be dreaded. It is clear from Mr. Wilson's pointed questions:—

"Are you ready for the test? Have you the courage to go in? Have you the courage to come out according as the balance is disturbed or readjusted for the interests of humanity?"

that he was contemplating a belligerent's share in the war. It is no less clear that he did not see himself simply taking his place beside the Entente Powers as one member of a coalition. Entering the war to defend the American doctrine of neutral rights at sea, he would not have subscribed to our Orders in Council, as France, for example, did. His reference to the "courage to come out" is a clear hint that he would not have signed the Pact of London, nor pledged himself to make no separate peace. His would have been a qualified intervention, and though it must have entailed, for a time at least, a close military co-operation with the Allies, the moment might have come when Mr. Wilson would have decided that the essential purposes of humanity had been served, and he would then have retired from the conflict, if he failed to dictate peace.

The speculations on these lines, in which the abler American publicists indulged at the moment when they seemed to be on the brink of war, have even now something more than an academic interest. The conditions of American intervention are worked out with detailed foresight in "The New Republic," a journal which combines the advocacy of an Anglo-American Alliance with candor and the absence of partisanship. It boldly calls on the President to intervene, but it lays down for him "an international programme" which really seems to be implicit in his questions. It refuses to regard the entry of America into the war as the mere addition of a new Ally to the forces of the Entente. America does not want to see herself "pledged to Russia and Italy and Japan," or "entangled in the ambitions of Italy for the control of Trieste and the Dalmatian Coast, in the ambitions of Russia to obtain Constantinople." It shrinks from the prospect that, having "begun for the purpose of vindicating our right to travel at sea, we shall end by fighting to change the political control of the Near East." It would none the less abandon without hesitation the old doctrine of neutrality. Neutrality, where any nation has suffered aggression, is a dereliction of duty. "A common defence of rights is the only way individual rights can be maintained. . . . Only in a world where Belgium is safe can the United States be safe." These are the true principles of international duty, and they could hardly be better put.

America has not entered the war, and we are not sure that if she had entered it this lofty and well-reasoned programme would have expressed her mass-mind, even at her entry, or that, if it did, the passions of war might not thereafter have obscured it. It is worth quoting, none the less, because it defines very ably from the standpoint of a friendly neutral, ready to renounce his safe neutrality for the common good, what are the essential purposes of the war. For the moment, the League of Peace remains a vision. It will be a fact, if ever, in obedience to its principle, America should enter the war on some such terms as these.

THE IRISH REBELLION.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY.

"LET us remember," said a wise and famous priest to me, "two things about this Irish rising. The first is that Ireland did not rise at all; the second, that if she had risen, she would have done so under leaders she knew something about." Both these things are true. And a third may be added to them. Not half or a quarter of the men who were half seduced into revolt and half rushed into it actually took the field. The number of the insurgents was small; probably not exceeding two thousand; whole streets were held up by a handful of snipers, running from house to house, through breaches in the inner walls, and distracting the aim of soldiers whose courage was equal to their own, but who could not locate their active foe. This was the cause of many of the errors and confusions of the fighting; though not, I fear, of the dreadful happenings in North King Street. The business of statesmanship, therefore, is to see that the moral influence of so sectional a movement does not over-run its inevitable boundaries. Englishmen may have small sympathies with the Irish legend of rebellion, but unless they and their rulers are prudent, those boundaries will be greatly extended by the events of the last four weeks. The rising was a small, a reckless, and, on its German side, an evil enterprise. But personal conduct redeems the worst errors of judgment, and many of the men who led their fellows to ruin knew how to fight and how to fall. "I die in a good cause," said a boy of nineteen, with a ghastly wound in his breast, opening his eyes and closing them on the wild adventure that had swallowed up his youth. The rebel leader who, after John MacNeill, did most to stop the outbreak when it was too late, joined it in willing sacrifice, and fell pierced with a dozen bullets. "I will say a prayer for all brave men who do their duty," said Connolly, the ablest of the leaders, as he was carried to his execution, and asked to pray for the shooting party. And if all the deeds and words of these men are to be set in their proper proportion in the memories of their Nationalist and Catholic fellow-countrymen, and the cruelty and waste of their action remembered more than its daring and idealistic passion, British sense and feeling and firmness and temper must rise to the task that Irish impatience has set it, and rise above its perils and difficulties.

For if we set its physical magnitude aside, the rebellion was not exactly a small thing so far as its emotional reaction is concerned. How is it that this partial, obscure, and abortive rising—in itself the fruit of the coalition of too-widely disparate forces, the revolutionary Larkinites and the dreamers of Sinn Féin—has finally earned sympathy from the people who, in the hour of its outbreak, fiercely condemned it and divined its deadly rebound on Irish politics? Its psychic quality—the disinterestedness of the leaders, their reckless surrender of life and fortune,† and their gallantry in face of death and defeat, appeal to the naturally martial and romantic spirit of the people, and even, in a sense, shamed the sceptical spirit of Dublin society. If some of the vainest and most dangerous things in Ireland flared up in the rising, some of the noblest blossomed into brief life. Dozens of boys of sixteen to nineteen fought in the ranks, and took death or wounds without complaint. The mere curiosity of the

townspeople was insatiable, and the large number of civilians who were killed and wounded was due to the way in which they flocked to the hottest corners, as if this wild and distracted fighting, in which bullets flew from every quarter of the winds, were a football match. But it was the executions and the errors of the military administration, which fell with an indiscriminating hand on innocent and guilty alike, that have changed in the mind of Irish Nationalism the perspective and the historical significance of the revolt. Mr. Dillon's speech was ill-received in England; and if it came closer to Nationalist sentiment than any utterance of those tragic days, let our statesmen and administrators realize the vivid, short-range emotionalism of revolutionary hours, and ask themselves the reason why.

We Englishmen can quite easily measure the material results of the rising. London has only to see Regent Street reduced to a heap of rubble and scrap-iron, with a deep gash of ruin at each angle, to think of its General Post Office as a skeleton, and to fancy the wreck of half-a-dozen of its banks and great stores if she would know what the shelling and burning of Sackville Street has meant to Dublin. But Ireland does not reckon her loss quite in this fashion. She has a deeper concern. She is aware that the rebellion has revealed her spiritual troubles as a flash of lightning shows the precipice in a traveller's path. She knew the danger, foretold it, and (with a certain distracting voice and accent) begged England to listen. Preoccupied England did not listen, or, listening to this counsel or that, did nothing. The expected and foretold explosion having occurred, the preoccupied one remains in possession, in the person, for the moment, of her most occupied man. She is also summoning all and sundry to fresh counsels, usually excepting those who have knowledge and power; and is sending over more ignorant (and preoccupied) persons to help her. She is alive, in her way, to such capital facts as that what has happened in Ireland, has happened because none of the leading Irishmen were responsible for social order; that this again is her fault; that if things are not as bad as they might be, it is because she is under a pledge to hand over responsibility; and, finally, that they were far worse than they need have been if Irishmen and Irish women had generally believed that she would keep her word, and if she had not given them good reason to fear that, when the time came, she would break it. England having, as I said, a kind of sub-conscious realization of these truths, may yet muddle through her latest Irish rebellion.

But the half-awakening on England's part being the conditions of a wise Irish policy, what chance is there of her applying it? In my view the rising was due to the following causes: (1) The formation of the Coalition and its resort to Conscription. Nationalist Ireland felt that the situation had changed from the hour when Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Law, the two chief props of the Ulster campaign, began to sit in a British Cabinet. Conscription made things worse. When I was in Ireland a few months ago, I was warned that Conscription was fast putting power into the hands of the extremists. It had, at all events, this direct effect on the tactics of the Irish Volunteers, that they began to practise house-fighting, on the theory that if conscription were applied to Ireland, every house into which a recruiting officer might enter was to be regarded as a Sidney Street. (2) The policy of pin-pricks, adopted as a compromise between the plan of disarming the Volunteers and boldly striking at their organization and that of leaving them alone. If the latter course were adopted it was obviously necessary to keep an adequate military force in the country, and to strengthen the Dublin garrison within a few hours of Sir Roger Casement's

* During the fighting a woman fiercely intervened to stop a man from rescuing the dead body of an insurgent. "Let him rot," she said, "like the poor soldiers."

† The earlier purity and nobility of Sinn Féin idealism cannot be doubted. See the first numbers of the "Irish Year Book," to which so many gifted men contributed. Thus, an article entitled "Sinn Féin Ethics" (published in 1909) is a plea for the elevation of the Irish character, as a matter of personal self-denial. "The only way to be a patriotic Irishman," it concludes, "is to do your best to become a perfect man."

landing. This was slightly strengthened under Mr. Campbell, whose appointment as Attorney-General quickened the growing disbelief in Home Rule set up by the passage of the Suspensory Act. Under this policy there were some deportations and captures of arms, just enough to put the leaders on the alert, but not enough to disconcert or embarrass their movement. The final rising, was, I fancy, forced by the forged document, falsely suggesting that the Government were about to put Dublin in a state of siege. This is thought to have been the work of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the centre of the revolutionary section. (3) The absenteeism of the English administration and Mr. Redmond's absorption in the English side of the Nationalist movement. (4) The gradual loss of the finer idealism of Sinn Fein, its hardening into anti-Englandism, and its absorption of the Fenian spirit. (5) The temptation which the war offered to the old revolutionaries, who had never accepted the idea of a subordinate Irish Parliament, and the seducing offers (all falsified) held out from Berlin and the Clan-na-Gael. In the German connection lay at once the tragedy and the moral ruin of Sinn Fein. (6) Resentment of the severity with which the Dublin strikes was suppressed. Hence the cruel and vindictive acts with which the Citizen Army is charged, and from which the Sinn Fein element was conspicuously free. (7) Ulster's resort to force at a time when Ireland was settling down to its abandonment.

Once again, therefore, a storm has descended on political Ireland, sweeping many a landmark away and revealing two old half-buried habitations of thought and feeling. What is to be done? The difficulty is that no one can say what kind of an Ireland the next few months will bring forth. Parliamentary Nationalism may revive; or take a new form; or be utterly submerged. Ireland may swing back into moderation or forward into anarchy. Something depends on temper and mood. I am afraid the authorities are under the impression that they have done rather well with their martial law. If that is their mood, nothing that I can say is likely to shock their complacency, and I can only offer them and Ireland the expression of my deepest commiseration. If they have not realized what Nationalist Dublin of every type and shade thinks of the military management of its affairs, then, indeed, a thick veil hides the governors from the people. The city is a whispering gallery, full of rumor and fear. I have examined some of the tales that have been brought to me. I shall not disclose them here, or say that the charges brought against some regiments or detachments of the soldiers are true. There are, at least, obvious excuses or palliations. The danger was great, the need for prompt military action evident. Many of the soldiers were very young recruits, knowing neither their duties, nor the city, nor the people. And, by all accounts, many examples of exemplary humanity must be put to their credit, and noble exchanges of courtesy and good feeling occurred between them and the insurgents. But I think it essential that inquiry should be made into the following circumstances: (1) The treatment of untried prisoners, many of them admittedly innocent men, and the character of the food and accommodation they received. (2) The character of the arrests and deportations, which again included men of blameless character, local dignitaries, National Volunteers. (3) The alleged shootings and burials of citizens in the houses in which they lived or were employed, or in adjoining houses, as in the North King Street cases. Some of these I have personally investigated; and one (a less serious instance) was, on Tuesday, the subject of a very grave verdict by a City jury. (4) The use of informers. (5) The case of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington.

These matters require a certain display of courage on the part of the civil authorities. I believe that on its exercise the immediate future of the country depends. Dublin is in a state of anger which I record without describing it. The Catholic clergy, who naturally react to the great distress among the people, and their fears for the bread-winners they have lost in the rebellion or have been snatched away by the deportations, are fair witnesses of it, and they will, I suppose, be consulted as to the best means of allaying it. Said an able member of this class to me, adding a reasoned and powerful indictment of the rebellion, which he did his best to discourage—"For one sympathizer with Sinn Fein on Easter Monday, there are ten sympathizers with Sinn Fein to-day." Is that too wide a judgment? I hope so, but I have no great belief that it is. I am rather of the opinion that it would have been entirely astray had clemency been the watchword from the moment when the last shot had been fired and the civil authorities, who knew the city and the country, been given some real power.

That, I need not say, is far from being the opinion of many distinguished Unionists, whose leaning is to the military power, and who do not criticize its use. That is the natural impulse of a minority, under the stress of events which I think they bore with exemplary coolness. But here I enter on more promising ground. I have heard no appeals from this quarter for more bloodshed. These men feel and resent—as who does not?—the frightful recklessness of the rebels. They desire, and with reason, the temporary presence in Ireland of an adequate force. The Southern Protestant gentry and their dependents are not without fears for the future; and these, even if they are groundless, are not irrational. But they want no more executions, and they have a regard for their country's future. They do not want to go back; to tear the Home Rule Act out of the Statute Book, and treat it as a mere freak of British Liberalism. They are by no means converted; but this mood on the purely political ground is neither ungenerous nor unstatesmanlike. In a further article I propose to explore the ground on which this more hopeful view of the future of Ireland may reasonably be based.

H. W. M.

Life and Letters.

IS WAR DIMINISHING?

THE cheerful optimism of those pacifists who looked for the speedy extinction of war has lately aroused much scorn. There really seem to have been people who believed that new virtues of loving-kindness are springing up in the human breast to bring about the universal reign of peace spontaneously, while we still continued to cultivate our old vices of international greed, suspicion, and jealousy. Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, in the challenging and stimulating study of the prevalence of war in Europe from 1450 to the present day, which he has lately written in conjunction with Mr. Alexander Baltzly, easily throws contempt upon such pacifists. All their beautiful arguments, he tells us in effect, count for nothing. War is to-day raging more furiously than ever in the world, and it is even doubtful whether it is diminishing. That is the subject of the book Dr. Woods and Mr. Baltzly have written: "Is War Diminishing?"

The method adopted by these authors is to count up the years of war since 1450 for each of the eleven chief nations of Europe possessing an ancient history, and to

represent the results by the aid of charts. These charts show that certainly there has been a great falling off in war during the period in question. Wars, as there presented to us, seem to have risen to a climax in the century 1550-1650, and to have been declining ever since. The authors, themselves, however, are not quite in sympathy with their own conclusion. "There is only," Dr. Woods declares, "a moderate amount of probability in favor of declining war." He insists on the fact that the period under investigation represents but a very small fraction of the life of man. He finds that if we take England several centuries further back, and compare its number of war-years during the last four centuries with those during the preceding four centuries, the first period shows 212 years of war, the second shows 207 years, a negligible difference, while for France the corresponding number of war years are 181 and 192, an actual and rather considerable increase. There is the further consideration that if we regard not frequency but intensity of war—if we could, for instance, measure a war by its total number of casualties—we should doubtless find that wars are showing a tendency to ever increasing gravity. On the whole, Dr. Woods is clearly rather disinterested with the tendency of his own and his collaborator's work to show a diminution of war, and modestly casts doubt on all those who believe that the tendency of the world's history is in the direction of such a diminution.

An honest and careful record of facts, however, is always valuable. Dr. Woods's investigation will be found useful even by those who are by no means anxious to throw cold water over the too facile optimism of some pacifists, and this little book suggests lines of thought which may prove fruitful in various directions, not always foreseen by the authors.

Dr. Woods emphasizes the long period in the history of the human race during which war has flourished. He seems to suggest that war, after all, may be an essential and beneficial element in human affairs, destined to endure to the end, just as it has been present from the beginning. But has it been present from the beginning? Even though war may have flourished for many thousands of years—and it was certainly flourishing at the dawn of history—we are still very far indeed from the dawn of human life or even of human civilization, for the more our knowledge of the past grows, the more remote that dawn is seen to be. It is not only seen to be very remote, it is seen to be very important. Darwin said that it was during the first three years of life that a man learnt most. That saying is equally true of humanity as a whole, though here one must translate years into hundreds of thousands of years. But neither infant man nor infant mankind could establish themselves firmly on the path that leads so far if they had at the very outset, in accordance with Dr. Woods's formula, "fought about half the time." An activity of this kind which may be harmless, or even in some degree beneficial at a later stage, would be fatally disastrous at an early stage. War, as mankind understands war, seems to have no place among animals living in Nature. It seems equally to have no place, so far as investigation has yet been able to reveal, in the life of early man. Men were far too busy in the great fight against Nature to fight against each other, far too absorbed in the task of inventing methods of self-preservation to have much energy left for inventing methods of self-destruction. It was once supposed that the Homeric stories of war presented a picture of life near the beginning of the world. The Homeric picture in fact corresponds to a stage in human barbarism, certainly in its European manifestation, a stage also passed through in Northern Europe, where,

nearly fifteen hundred years ago, the Greek traveller, Posidonius, found the Celtic chieftains in Britain living, as he records, just like the people in Homer. But we now know that Homer, so far from bringing before us a primitive age, really represents the end of a long stage of human development, marked by a slow and steady growth in civilization and a vast accumulation of luxury. War is a luxury, in other words, a manifestation of superfluous energy, not possible in those early stages, when all the energies of men are taken up in the primary business of preserving and maintaining life. So it was that war had a beginning in human history. Is it unreasonable to suppose that it will also have an end?

There is another way, besides that of counting the world's war-years, to determine the probability of the diminution and eventual disappearance of war. We may consider the causes of war, and the extent to which these causes are, or are not, ceasing to operate. Dr. Woods passingly realizes the importance of this test, and even enumerates what he considers to be the causes of war, without, however, following up his clue. As he reckons them, they are four in number: racial, economic, religious, and personal. There is frequently a considerable amount of doubt concerning the cause of a particular war, and no doubt the causes are usually mixed and slowly accumulative, just as in disease a number of factors may have gradually combined to bring on the sudden overthrow of health. There can be no doubt that the four causes enumerated have been very influential in producing wars. There can, however, be equally little doubt that nearly all of them are diminishing in their war-producing power. Religion, which after the Reformation seemed to foment so many wars, is now practically almost extinct as a cause of war in Europe. Economic causes which were once regarded as good and sound motives for war have been discredited, though they cannot be said to be abolished; in the Middle Ages fighting was undoubtedly a most profitable business, not only by the booty which might thus be obtained, but by the high ransoms which even down to the seventeenth century might be legitimately demanded for prisoners. So that war with France was regarded as an English gentleman's best method of growing rich. Later, it was believed that a country could capture the "wealth" of another country by destroying that country's commerce, and in the eighteenth century that doctrine was openly asserted even by responsible statesmen; later, the growth of political economy made clear that every nation flourishes by the prosperity of other nations, and that by impoverishing the nation with which it traded a nation impoverishes itself, for a tradesman cannot grow rich by killing his customers. So it came about that, as Mill put it, the commercial spirit, which during one period of European history was the principal cause of war, became one of its strongest obstacles, though since Mill wrote, the old fallacy that it is a legitimate and advantageous method to fight for markets has frequently reappeared. Again, the personal causes of war, although in a large measure incalculable, have much smaller scope under modern conditions than formerly. Under ancient conditions, with power centred in despotic monarchs or autocratic ministers, the personal causes of war counted for much. In more recent times it has been said, truly or falsely, that the Crimean War was due to the wounded feelings of a diplomatist. Under modern conditions, however, the checks on individual initiative are so many that personal causes must play an ever diminishing part in war.

The same can scarcely be said as regards Dr. Woods's remaining cause of war. If by racialism we are to understand nationalism, this has of late been a serious and

ever-growing provocative of war. Internationalism of feeling is much less marked now than it was four centuries ago. Nationalities have developed a new self-consciousness, a new impulse to regain their old territories, or to acquire new territories. Not only Pan-Germanism, Pan-Slavism, and British Imperialism, like all other imperialisms, but even the national ambitions of some smaller powers have acquired a new and dangerous energy. They are not the less dangerous when, as is indeed most frequently the case, they merely represent the ambition, not of the people as a whole, but merely of a military or bureaucratic clique, of a small chauvinistic group, yet noisy and energetic enough to win over unscrupulous politicians. A German soldier, a young journalist of ability, recently wrote home from the trenches: "I have often dreamed of a new Europe in which all the nations would be fraternally united, and live together as one people; it was an end which democratic feeling seemed to be slowly preparing. Now this terrible war has been unchained, fomented by a few men who are sending their subjects, their slaves rather, to the battlefield, to slay each other like wild beasts. I should like to go towards these men they call our enemies and say, 'Brothers, let us fight together! The enemy is behind us!' Yes; since I have been wearing this uniform I feel no hatred for those who are in front, but my hatred has grown for those in power who are behind." That is a sentiment which must grow mightily with the growth of democracy, and, as it grows, the danger of nationalism as a cause of war must necessarily decrease.

There is, however, one group of causes of war, of the first importance, which Dr. Woods has surprisingly omitted, and that is the group of political causes. It is by overlooking the political aspects of war that Dr. Woods's discussion is most defective. Supposed political necessity has been in modern times perhaps the very chief cause of war—that is to say, that wars are largely waged for what has been supposed to be the protection, or the furtherance, of the civilized organization which orders the temporal benefits of a nation. This is admirably illustrated by all three of the great European wars in which England has taken part during the past four centuries: the war against Spain, the war against France, and the present war against Germany. The fundamental motive of England's participation in all these wars has been what was conceived to be the need of England's safety; it was essentially political. A small island power, dependent on its fleet, and yet very closely adjoining the Continental mainland, is vitally concerned in the naval developments of possibly hostile powers, and in the military movements which affect the opposite coast. Spain, France, and Germany all successively threatened England by a formidable fleet, and they all sought to gain possession of the coast opposite England. To England, therefore, it seemed a measure of political self-defence to strike a blow as each fresh menace arose. In every case, Belgium has been the battlefield on land. The neutrality of Belgium is felt to be politically vital to England. Therefore, the invasion of Belgium by a Great Power is to England an immediate signal of war. It is not only England's wars that have been mainly political; the same is true of Germany's wars ever since Prussia has had the leadership of Germany. The political condition of a country without natural frontiers and surrounded by powerful neighbors is a perpetual source of wars which, in Germany's case, have been, by deliberate policy, offensively defensive.

When we realize the fundamental importance of the political causation of warfare, the whole problem of the ultimate fate of war becomes at once more hopeful. The

orderly growth and stability of nations has in the past seemed to demand war. But war is not the only method of securing these ends, and to most people nowadays it scarcely seems the best method. England and France have fought against each other for many centuries. They are now convinced that they really have nothing to fight about, and that the growth and stability of each country are better ensured by friendship than by enmity. There cannot be a doubt of it. But where is the limit to the extension of that same principle? France and Germany, England and Germany, have just as much to lose by enmity, just as much to gain by friendship, and alike on both sides.

The history of Europe and the charts of Mr. Baltzly clearly show that this consideration has really been influential. We find that there is a progressive tendency for the nations of Europe to abandon warfare. Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, all vigorous and warlike peoples, have long ceased to fight. They have found their advantage in the abandonment of war, but that abandonment has been greatly stimulated by awe of their mightier neighbors. And therein, again, we have a clue to the probable course of the future.

For when we realize that the fundamental political need of self-preservation and good order has been a main cause of warfare, and when we further realize that the same ends may be more satisfactorily attained without war under the influence of a sufficiently firm external pressure working in harmony with the growth of internal civilization, we see that the problem of fighting among nations is the same as that of fighting among individuals. Once upon a time good order and social stability were maintained in a community by the method of fighting among the individuals constituting the community. No doubt all sorts of precious virtues were thus generated, and no doubt in the general opinion no better method seemed possible or even conceivable. But, as we know, with the development of a strong central power, and with the growth of enlightenment, it was realized that political stability and good order were more satisfactorily maintained by a tribunal having a strong police force behind it, than by the method of allowing the individuals concerned to fight out their quarrels between themselves.

Fighting between national groups of individuals stands on precisely the same footing as fighting between individuals. The political stability and good order of nations, it is beginning to be seen, can be more satisfactorily maintained by a tribunal having a strong police force behind it than by the method of allowing the individual nations concerned to fight out quarrels between themselves. The stronger nations have for a large part imposed this peace upon the smaller nations of Europe to the great benefit of the latter. How can we impose a similar peace upon the stronger nations, for their own benefit and for the benefit of the whole world? To that task all our energies must be directed.

A long series of eminent thinkers and investigators, from Comte and Buckle a century ago to Dr. Woods and Mr. Baltzly to-day, have assured us that war is diminishing, and even that the warlike spirit is extinct. It is certainly not true that the warlike spirit is extinct, even in the most civilized and peaceful peoples, and we need not desire its extinction, for it is capable of transformation into shapes of the finest use for humanity. But the vast conflagration of to-day must not conceal from our eyes the great central fact that war is diminishing, and will one day disappear as completely as the medieval scourge of the Black Death. To reach this consummation all the best humanizing and civilizing energies of mankind will be needed.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

"THE PICTURES."

Why do we talk of "larceny" as we approach the dreary region of official punishment? We all know what robbery or thieving means. To "pocket," to "sneak," to "snake," to "pinch," to "whip"—those are all familiar and comprehensible terms. Everyone can understand that, as surely as "dove" rhymes to "love," "prison" rhymes to him who "takes what isn't his'n." But larceny! Who on any plot of earth outside the law-courts knows or cares what "larceny" means? One can imagine a pedantic old joker in the family circle accusing himself of "petty larceny" when he has fastened his tie with a pin to which he possesses no exclusive right. But for well-fed and grown-up men to drag a terrified and whimpering child before other well-fed and grown-up men, and charge it with the crime of "larceny!" Why don't we go back a step in legal history and accuse the wretched little creature of "latrocinium" at once?

At the beginning of the war, our writing-table prophets looked forward hopefully to the "revolution" that war would bring. They are not prophesying quite so much now, but certainly all, except the lawyers, would welcome a revolution which would sweep obsolete legal terms into the medieval dustbin together with judges' wigs, black caps, robes, maces, and all their trumpery. And it will need a revolution, for here in a legal or official document—a circular letter from the Home Office—intended to be quite kindly and beneficent, and dealing entirely with children, we find the sentence (as quoted in the "Times"): "The increase in the number of juvenile offenders is mainly caused by an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in cases of larceny." In ordinary, human language this only means that nearly twice as many children were caught thieving as in the year before. But it would be all that an official's place was worth to say so.

Of course, language does not matter much. It is the inward and spiritual grace that always matters—the presence or the want of it. But the worst of official language which has become antiquated into nonsense is that, besides revealing a want of inward grace, it attenuates any grace that may be left. In our scientific jargon, it "reacts detrimentally" upon grace, and when we have labelled a document "Juvenile Crime" and after ascribing its increase mainly to an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in cases of larceny, proceed to observe that there are also more charges of assault, malicious damage, gaming, and offences against the Education Acts, what vision or understanding have we left for the whimpering or impudent child who has pinched a bun, played truant down the brook, or loosed off an air-gun at a rabbit?

We may be told that the official does not deal with the individual, but with the average, and so must express himself in formal and abstract language. And we can only reply that such has been the curse of officialdom from the beginning, is now, but we hope shall not always be. It is just this inability of officialdom to deal with human beings except in the average and the abstract which converts the official of all countries into the direst enemy of all personality. In the case of this particular letter, one regrets it the more because the circular itself shows signs of increasing grace—an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in administrative amenity, compared with the statistics of official crime formerly recorded. The Home Office does, for instance, remark that "a lengthy period of detention (in a reformatory or industrial school) is not necessary if the offence is the result of boyish adventure and excitement, and is especially undesirable

if the home surroundings are decent." Further, it continues:—

"In carrying out the probation system the Home Secretary suggests that women should be more freely employed as probation officers. In existing circumstances suitable women can be obtained more easily than men, and experience shows that in dealing with children and young persons a woman is often more successful than a man."

Why, this, as a surprised and delighted author sometimes says of a publisher—this is almost human! One may smile at the next sentence, in which the Home Secretary reminds magistrates that, "by Section 99 of the Children Act, the Court, if satisfied that the parent's negligence has conduced to the commission of an offence by a child, may order the parent to pay the fine imposed on the child." Who else does the Home Secretary suppose pays the fine in any case? Even when the child gets wages, that fine comes out of the mother's pocket as sure as eggs are twopence each and meat gone nearly double. Still, we accept the circular as evidence of some diminution in official crime.

But what shall we say of the clause which has attracted elderly attention most, and been most applauded by exemplary journalists? The circular says:—

"Many chief constables of large towns and other persons interested in the welfare of the young have represented that children are led to commit offences by witnessing cinematograph films depicting crimes, the use of firearms, &c., and that children often steal money in order to obtain admission to cinemas. The whole question of the censorship of films is under consideration by the Secretary of State."

Well, there is a licensing authority, with powers of censorship, already. But, of course, censorship of cinemas is very necessary (perhaps, not for the sake of children only), and we have no doubt the Home Secretary would do it better himself. If he allowed his cinemas to show children, say, how coral grows, and gold is stamped, and engines work, and the virtuous apprentice succeeds in business, he will undoubtedly diminish juvenile crime in one respect: for no imaginable child will steal money in order to obtain admission to his shows. But then, he might as well shut his licensed "palaces," for the State in war-time cannot afford ordinary education, much less a subsidy to "movies." And we would respectfully ask the Home Secretary (or whatever official drafts such circulars) if he cannot remember a time when he himself longed to follow the trail with the Scalp Hunters, or run up the Jolly Roger with the Pirate King, or seize a Spanish galleon with Drake ("a reasonable booty which was a comfortable dew of God," Drake wrote in his account of the illegitimate exploit), or ride Black Bess to York, or swagger from peril to peril with the Three Musketeers.

Neither Scalp Hunters nor Pirate Kings, nor plundering Drakes, nor Dick Turpins, nor the Musketeers were characters exactly moulded to the official standard of Home Office circulars and Education Acts. Yet we would lay a plate-ship to a receipt stamp that the Home Secretary in his day has longed to be all of them in turn or together. None the less, it is obvious that such nefarious desires have exercised no deleterious effects upon his character or career; else he would not stand as our Censor of Morals, as he does. To some degree, in fact, he has not merely desired to emulate these dubious personalities, but has actually transformed himself into them by imagination. The present writer remembers splashing through marshes, with turned-up trousers, in fields where nothing wilder than a hare was ever seen, but thinking himself a moss-trooper; and for the moment, though "call-over" was but an hour distant, he was as truly a moss-trooper as any ancestor upon the

savage Border had been. Yet for forty years since then he has remained at large (nearly all the time), and is still writing. Tartarin may have been a grown-up fool, but he was not a criminal, when he ranged the nocturnal solitudes of Tarascon, always prowling for "them." Nor is a child a criminal when he thinks himself a pirate or the Indian Chief called Thunder-coming-over-the-Hills. He is no more criminal than Don Quixote was.

We all know the "pictures," and we do not necessarily admire or enjoy them—the tedious melodrama with the inevitable triumph of virtue and fair hair; the appalling American manners; the fat French heroes and stoutish heroines with excruciated eyes; the cantering Colonials in skallywag hats; the imperturbable outrages of Charlie Chaplin, our modern Panurge; the Carthaginian orphan child, who seems far from happy, but certainly does see life among the worshippers of Moloch. Chief Constables and Home Office authorities may not enjoy them or regard their influence as counsels of perfection. But let our solemn seniors remember Dog Crusoe and the Last, the very last, of their Mohicans, and let them try to imagine what it may still be for a child to be transported from the common street into a world such as he longs to inhabit—a world of dark black evil and pure white good, of hairbreadth escapes, heroic rescues, hideous crimes detected, virtue invariably rewarded, but jolly tricks greeted with roars of laughter instead of slapping and rebuke. We do not wish to cast any slur upon the Home Secretary's childhood, but we think it just possible that, if he had been deadly poor and the cinema had existed in those days, he might even have stolen money in order to obtain admission to such light as never was on land or sea. Only, of course, if he had been deadly poor and stolen money he would never have been Home Secretary.

But why make all this fuss about films and imaginary crimes when the terraqueous globe is mad with blood? War takes the father across the sea. War sends the mother to the ammunition works. War cuts down the teaching staff of schools, and cripples the clubs for working boys. War reduces the age of learning, and sends the child out into fields or streets or factories to toil before his time. War gives him wages to spend at his pleasure. War accustoms him to blood and death. War shows him pictures of genuine slaughter at every corner of the street and calls it heroism. War fills his mind in every paper with true accounts of rape, destruction, arson, and pillage. War is forced upon him by a decree of the State, which can kill him if he does not accept it. War is proclaimed to him from the pulpits of God as a necessity of righteous existence, a patriotic virtue in the eyes of his Creator. Of course, it is all right. When we admit war to be inevitable, we admit all the rest, for things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be. But why make all this fuss about films and their influence upon the increase of juvenile crime? Are films more deadly than war because they are fakes, and war is not a fake at all?

THE WILY SPORT.

WITH the rifle, lineal descendant of the bow and arrow, we have at our mercy all that runs upon the land; with the shot-gun, called expressively by the Americans "scatter-gun," we have all that flies in the air; but the sparkling floss or the mysterious brown stream of the river holds a population that is immune from such direct methods of force. The river is the last shelf in the larder, a shelf quickly refilled after partial depletion, and one which surely holds a fish or two after the other

elements are empty. It also keeps for us food for the feigned hunger that we call sport, long after the bear has vanished from the woods and the buffalo from the plains. Even when a practical generation shall have laughed the pheasant out of court and taxed its coverts into useful agriculture, the rivers and the beckes will retain their flashing trout that man will have to catch in the old way practised by the first savage that sacrificed a worm in the hope of exchanging it for a larger dinner.

The deep brown flood scarcely hides its denizens more effectively from capture than the crystal-clear water of a younger stream. We can walk by a brook a dozen times without knowing that it is inhabited by trout, they flash so quickly to their lairs when they feel our footfall on the bank, and, it is a continual surprise to the most hardened of anglers to see what large ones will come from what tiny threads of water. Jefferies enjoyed for a long time secret possession of a large trout, whose holt was under a common road within a few miles of London. We do not doubt that a few still make a handsome living at the foot of gardens within half a mile of the "Angel" at Islington. Possibly, a subterranean variety of this adaptable fish swims in the aqueduct of the New River that carries its unseen waters past the theatre of Sadler's Wells.

We can either first discover our fish and then catch him, or crediting a piece of water with hidden treasure, we can try baits in it till we charm its monsters like substance out of a void. The very best way would be to arrive hungry at a virgin lake in a primeval forest, to see there big fish splashing, to extemporize a hook, bait it with a big grasshopper such as we saw falling into the water, and catch for the frying-pan beauties as new and as wonderful as those that the fisherman drew from a magic lake in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. We cannot do quite that in everyday England, though we can sometimes get wonderfully near it. There is the memory of going to a reputedly fishless pond within the borders of London, and catching there in a quick afternoon of sport quite a basketful of jack; another of fat tench drawn from a pool of black mud and duckweed; a third of a dish of trout caught before breakfast in a mere ditch with a match-boxful of stone-fly that had come to the lamp the night before.

Such catchings as these, however, would be beneath the notice of the real trout-fisher. His superb fancy it is to catch his prey without giving it the least chance of getting a nibble at his expense. No real wriggling worm shall be used to counteract the patent appearance of a whipcord line capable of dragging out the deeply hooked victims by sheer force. There is a line of gut drawn so fine as to be invisible and only strong enough to land him by means of very careful playing, and the bait, which looks like a mere gnat, the ten thousandth part of a square meal, is actually composed of feather and fur and silk that he will want to spit away as soon as it touches his lips. The true fisherman should make these artificial gnats for himself, though they are properly the work of the cleverest ladies' fingers. To that end, the chief part of "Brook and River Trouting," a new book by Harfield H. Edmonds and Norman N. Lee (23, Bank Street, Bradford), consists of color photographs of the material and finished specimens of some forty of the most useful flies. Fishermen all know, of course, that the compounding of one of these tiny specks is as elaborate as the concoction of the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth." The thigh of the squirrel, the flank of the opossum, the wing of the snipe, red cock's hackle, and peacock's herl must contribute each a shred of unique clothing before the body can be complete of a gnat of some particular species, perhaps male, perhaps female, perhaps an hour

old, perhaps three hours old, perhaps one that has flown, perhaps one that is about to fly for the first time, perhaps one that has laid its eggs and then got drowned.

Only fishermen doubt among themselves whether these niceties are due to the trout's entomological knowledge, to his fastidious etiquette, or to the requirements of sheer magic. Possibly a reading of the authors' subsequent pages on actual fishing will help to clear up the matter. Here, for example, is a strong case for clear observation and faithful obedience to natural indications. Fish are rising in the middle of the river "apparently seizing every fly that passes." Silverhorns are about in clouds, and silverhorns, therefore, are offered again and again, and always refused. Then the angler throws his flies close under the willows, where apparently no fish are rising, and in a short time he has eight brace of fish. Not only the exact fly has to be tried, but at the exact place where its edible kind is most likely to fall into the water.

We like these authors for their catholicity. They sneer neither at the "dry fly purist" nor at the "chuck-and-chance-it" method of the wet-fly school. Admitting that there is a fascination that almost defies description "in watching a neatly cocked artificial fly approach the rings made by a rising trout," they, nevertheless, give good reasons why in the boisterous streams of the north, where the drowned fly is the natural thing, wet-fly fishing is best. We think, too, they are right in saying that he who has mastered the art of fishing the wet fly upstream can quickly adapt himself to any other tactics demanded by circumstances.

Our authors go further than that. They say that there is a time of year when worming is justified. If the conditions they postulate are rigidly applied, it is possible they are right, but we fancy most fly-fishers will be quite angry with them on the ground that they are letting in the thin end of a wedge whose butt is the end of all things. It is only after the stone-fly is over, and then only when waters are low and clear that these writers make the worm allowable. It is no doubt more difficult then to take trout with the worm than it is to take them with artificial fly when the May-fly is up. Anyone who sees them dart away when we appear on the bank might deem it the act of a madman to try to get within offering distance with a worm, and to swing it to them without scaring them with the splash. Every gain is cancelled by a difficulty, and once more we come to the delicate poise of conditions that gives the fish rather more than an equal chance against the wildest and most patient of men.

There is fishing that is to the real thing as pheasant shooting is to partridge shooting. That is when trout, especially recommended for their foolishness, are put into a pond whence they may be drawn out, even with the fly, as certainly as carp from a stew with the net. But the capture of our native trout in their own bonny rivers is an art whose nicety is increased every year, as the trout are educated by danger and the elimination of the least wise. In no other sport is there anything quite like the cat-like caution needed to approach the fish; the skill needed to throw a line of no weight against or across the wind, past grabbing bushes to the exact spot where a fly must be feigned to have dropped from a bough; above all, the instinct for the exact moment to strike just before the feather fraud is detected and spat out. We have still to add a knowledge of otherwise untrodden paths in entomology, weather wisdom cultivated to the point of instinct, and an understanding of the fish as though oneself had become a trout. By the time one has acquired all this he is a fisherman, and long ere that the river and the burn and the moor and the sky have made him more than that.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

BOOK I.

Matching's Easy at Ease.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MR. DIRECK VISITS MR. BRITLING.

§ 1.

It was the sixth day of Mr. Direck's first visit to England, and he was at his acutest perception of differences. He found England in every way gratifying and satisfactory, and more of a contrast with things American than he had ever dared to hope.

He had promised himself this visit for many years, but being of a sunny rather than energetic temperament—though he firmly believed himself to be a reservoir of clear-sighted American energy—he had allowed all sorts of things, and more particularly the uncertainties of Miss Mamie Nelson, to keep him back. But now there were no more uncertainties about Miss Mamie Nelson, and Mr. Direck had come over to England just to convince himself and everybody else that there were other interests in life for him than Mamie. . . .

And also, he wanted to see the old country from which his maternal grandmother had sprung. Wasn't there even now in his bedroom in New York a water-color of Market Saffron Church, where the dear old lady had been confirmed? And, generally, he wanted to see Europe. As an interesting side show to the excursion, he hoped, in his capacity of the rather underworked and rather over-salaried secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Study of Contemporary Thought, to discuss certain agreeable possibilities with Mr. Britling, who lived at Matching's Easy.

Mr. Direck was a type of man not uncommon in America. He was very much after the fashion of that clean and pleasant-looking person one sees in the advertisements in American magazines, that agreeable person who smiles and says, "Good, it's the Fizgig Brand," or "Yes, it's a Wilkins, and that's the Best," or "My shirt-front never rucks; it's a Chesson." But now he was saying, still with the same firm smile, "Good; it's English." He was pleased by every unlikeness to things American, by every item he could hail as characteristic; in the train to London he had laughed aloud with pleasure at the chequer-board of little fields upon the hills of Cheshire, he had chuckled to find himself in a compartment without a corridor; he had tipped the polite yet kindly guard magnificently, after doubting for a moment whether he ought to tip him at all, and he had gone about his hotel in London saying "Lordy! Lordy! My word!" in a kind of ecstasy, verifying the delightful absence of telephone, of steam-heat, of any dependent bathroom. At breakfast the waiter (out of Dickens it seemed) had refused to know what "cereals" were, and had given him his egg in a china egg-cup such as you see in the pictures in "Punch." The Thames, when he sallied out to see it, had been too good to be true, the smallest thing in rivers he had ever seen, and he had had to restrain himself from affecting a marked accent and accosting some passer-by with the question, "Say! But is this little wet ditch here the Historical River Thames?"

In America, it must be explained, Mr. Direck spoke a very good and careful English indeed, but he now found the utmost difficulty in controlling his impulse to use a high-pitched nasal drone and indulge in dry "Americanisms" and poker metaphors upon all occasions. When people asked him questions he wanted to say "Yep" or "Sure," words he would no more have used in America than he could have used a bowie knife. But he had a sense of rôle. He wanted to be visibly

and audibly America eye-witnessing. He wanted to be just exactly what he supposed an Englishman would expect him to be. At any rate, his clothes had been made by a strongly American New York tailor, and upon the strength of them a taxi-man had assumed, politely but firmly, that the shillings on his taximeter were dollars, an incident that helped greatly to sustain the effect of Mr. Direck, in Mr. Direck's mind, as something standing out with an almost representative clearness against the English scene. . . . So much so that the taxi-man got the dollars.

Because all the time he had been coming over he had dreaded that it wasn't true, that England was a legend, that London would turn out to be just another thundering great New York, and the English exactly like New Englanders.

§ 2.

And now, here he was on the branch line of the little old Great Eastern Railway, on his way to Matching's Easy in Essex, and he was suddenly in the heart of Washington Irving's England.

Washington Irving's England! Indeed it was. He couldn't sit still and just peep at it, he had to stand up in the little compartment and stick his large, firm-featured, kindly countenance out of the window as if he greeted it. The country under the June sunshine was neat and bright as an old-world garden, with little fields of corn surrounded by dog-rose hedges, and woods and small rushy pastures of an infinite tidiness. He had seen a real deer park; it had rather tumbledown iron gates between its shield-surmounted pillars, and in the distance, beyond all question, was Bracebridge Hall nestling among great trees. He had seen thatched and timbered cottages, and half-a-dozen inns with creaking signs. He had seen a fat vicar driving himself along a grassy lane in a governess cart drawn by a fat grey pony. It wasn't like any reality he had ever known. It was like travelling in literature.

Mr. Britling's address was the Dower House, and it was, Mr. Britling's note had explained, on the farther edge of the park at Claverings. Claverings! The very name for some stately home of England.

And yet this was only forty-two miles from London. Surely that brought things within the suburban range. If Matching's Easy was in America, commuters would live there. But in supposing that, Mr. Direck displayed his ignorance of a fact of the greatest importance to all who would understand England. There is a gap in the suburbs of London. The suburbs of London stretch west and south and even west by north, but to the north-eastward there are no suburbs; instead there is Essex. Essex is not a suburban county; it is a characteristic and individualized county which wins the heart. Between dear Essex and the centre of things lie two great barriers, the East End of London and Epping Forest. Before a train could get to any villadom with a cargo of season-ticket holders it would have to circle about this rescued woodland and travel for twenty unprofitable miles, and so once you are away from the main Great Eastern lines Essex still lives in the peace of the eighteenth century, and London, the modern Babylon, is, like the stars, just a light in the nocturnal sky. In Matching's Easy, as Mr. Britling presently explained to Mr. Direck, there are half-a-dozen old people who have never set eyes on London in their lives—and do not want to.

"Aye-ya!"

"Fussin' about thea."

"Mr. Robinson, 'e went to Lon', 'e did. That's 'ow 'e 'urt 'is fut."

Mr. Direck had learnt at the main-line junction that he had to tell the guard to stop the train for Matching's Easy; it only stopped "by request"; the thing was getting better and better; and when Mr. Direck seized his grip and got out of the train there was just one little old Essex stationmaster and porter and signalman and everything, holding a red flag in his hand and talking to Mr. Britling about the cultivation of the sweet peas which glorified the station. And there was

the Mr. Britling who was the only item of business and the greatest expectation in Mr. Direck's European journey, and he was quite unlike the portraits Mr. Direck had seen and quite unmistakably Mr. Britling all the same, since there was nobody else upon the platform, and he was advancing with a gesture of welcome.

"Did you ever see such peas, Mr. Direck?" said Mr. Britling by way of introduction.

"My word," said Mr. Direck, in a good old Farmer Hayseed kind of voice.

"Aye-ya!" said the stationmaster in singularly strident tones. "It be a rare year for sweet peas," and then he slammed the door of the carriage in a leisurely manner and did dismissive things with his flag, while the two gentlemen took stock, as people say, of one another.

§ 3.

Except in the doubtful instance of Miss Mamie Nelson, Mr. Direck's habit was good fortune. Pleasant things came to him. Such was his position as the salaried secretary of this society of thoughtful Massachusetts business men to which allusion has been made. Its purpose was to bring itself expeditiously into touch with the best thought of the age.

Too busily occupied with practical realities to follow the thought of the age through all its divagations and into all its recesses, these Massachusetts business men had had to consider methods of access more quint-essential and nuclear. And they had decided not to hunt out the best thought in its merely germinating stages, but to wait until it had emerged and flowered to some trustworthy recognition, and then, rather than toiling through recondite and possibly already reconsidered books and writings generally, to offer an impressive fee to the emerged new thinker, and to invite him to come to them and to lecture to them and to have a conference with them, and to tell them simply, competently and completely at first hand just all that he was about. To come, in fact, and be himself—in a highly concentrated form. In this way a number of interesting Europeans had been given very pleasant excursions to America, and the society had been able to form very definite opinions upon their teaching. And Mr. Britling was one of the representative thinkers upon which this society had decided to inform itself. It was to broach this invitation and to offer him the impressive honorarium by which the society honored not only its guests but itself, that Mr. Direck had now come to Matching's Easy. He had already sent Mr. Britling a letter of introduction, not indeed intimating his precise purpose, but mentioning merely a desire to know him, and the letter had been so happily phrased and its writer had left such a memory of pleasant hospitality on Mr. Britling's mind during Mr. Britling's former visit to New York, that it had immediately produced for Mr. Direck an invitation not merely to come and see him but to come and stay over the week-end.

And here they were shaking hands.

Mr. Britling did not look at all as Mr. Direck had expected him to look. He had expected an Englishman in a country costume of golfing tweeds, like the Englishman in country costume one sees in American illustrated stories. Drooping out of the country costume of golfing tweeds he had expected to see the mildly unhappy face, pensive even to its drooping moustache, with which Mr. Britling's publisher had for some faulty and unfortunate reason familiarized the American public. Instead of this, Mr. Britling was in a miscellaneous costume, and mildness was the last quality one could attribute to him. His moustache, his hair, his eyebrows bristled; his flaming, freckled face seemed about to bristle too. His little, hazel eyes came out with a "ping," and looked at Mr. Direck. Mr. Britling was one of a large but still remarkable class of people who seem at the mere approach of photography to change their hair, their clothes, their moral natures. No photographer had ever caught a hint of his essential Britling-

ness and bristlingness. Only the camera could ever induce Mr. Britling to brush his hair, and for the camera alone did he reserve that expression of submissive martyrdom Mr. Direck knew. And Mr. Direck was altogether unprepared for a certain casualness of costume that sometimes overtook Mr. Britling. He was wearing now a very old blue flannel blazer, no hat, and a pair of knickerbockers, not tweed breeches but tweed knickerbockers, of a remarkable bagginess, and made of one of those virtuous socialistic homespun tweeds that drag out into woolly knots and strings wherever there is attrition. His stockings were worsted and wrinkled, and on his feet were those extraordinary slippers of bright-colored bast-like interwoven material one buys in the north of France. These were purple with a touch of green. He had, in fact, thought of the necessity of meeting Mr. Direck at the station at the very last moment, and had come away from his study in the clothes that had happened to him when he got up. His face wore the amiable expression of a wiry-haired terrier disposed to be friendly, and it struck Mr. Direck that for a man of his real intellectual distinction Mr. Britling was unusually short.

For there can be no denying that Mr. Britling was, in a sense, distinguished. The hero and subject of this novel was at its very beginning a distinguished man. He was in the "Who's Who" of two continents. In the last few years he had grown with some rapidity into a writer recognized and welcomed by the more cultivated sections of the American public and even known to a select circle of British readers. To his American discoverers he had first appeared as an essayist, a serious essayist who wrote about aesthetics and Oriental thought and national character and poets and painting. He had come through America some years ago as one of those Kahn scholars, those promising writers and intelligent men endowed by Auguste Kahn, of Paris, who go about the world nowadays in comfort and consideration as the travelling guests of that original philanthropist—to acquire the international spirit. Previously he had been a critic of art and literature and a writer of thoughtful third leaders in the London "Times." He had begun with a Pembroke fellowship and a prize poem. He had returned from his world tour to his reflective yet original corner of the "Times" and to the production of books about national relationships and social psychology, that had brought him rapidly into prominence.

His was a naturally irritable mind, which gave him point and passion; and, moreover, he had a certain obstinate originality and a generous disposition. So that he was always lively, sometimes spacious, and never vile. He loved to write and talk. He talked about everything, he had ideas about everything; he could no more help having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. He sniffed at the heels of reality. Lots of people found him interesting and stimulating, a few found him seriously exasperating. He had ideas in the utmost profusion about races and empires and social order and political institutions and gardens and automobiles and the future of India and China and aesthetics and America and the education of mankind in general. . . . And all that sort of thing.

Mr. Direck had read a very great deal of all this expressed opinionativeness of Mr. Britling; he found it entertaining and stimulating stuff, and it was with genuine enthusiasm that he had come over to encounter the man himself. On his way across the Atlantic and during the intervening days he had rehearsed this meeting in varying keys, but always on the supposition that Mr. Britling was a large, quiet, thoughtful sort of man, a man who would, as it were, sit in attentive rows like a public meeting and listen. So Mr. Direck had prepared quite a number of pleasant and attractive openings, and now he felt was the moment for some one of these various simple, memorable utterances. But in none of these forecasts had he reckoned with either the spontaneous activities of Mr. Britling or with the stationmaster of Matching's Easy. Oblivious of any conversational necessities between Mr. Direck and Mr. Britling, this official now took charge of Mr. Direck's grip-sack,

and, falling into line with the two gentlemen as they walked towards the exit gate, resumed what was evidently an interrupted discourse upon sweet peas, originally addressed to Mr. Britling.

He was a small, elderly man with a determined-looking face and a sea voice, and it was clear he overestimated the distance of his hearers.

"Mr. Darling, what's gardener up at Claverings, 'e can't get sweet peas like that, try 'ow 'e will. Tried everything 'e 'as. Sand-ballast, 'o's tried. Seeds same as me. 'E came along 'ere only the other day, 'e did, and 'e says to me, 'e says, darned 'f I can see why a stationmaster should beat a professional gardener at 'is own game, 'e says, but you do. And in your orf time, too, so's to speak, 'e says. I've tried sile, 'e says—"

"Your first visit to England?" asked Mr. Britling of his guest.

"Absolutely," said Mr. Direck.

"I says to 'im, there's one thing you 'aven't tried. I says," the stationmaster continued, raising his voice by a Herculean feat still higher.

"I've got a little car outside here," said Mr. Britling. "I'm a couple of miles from the station."

"I says to 'im, I says, 'ave you tried the vibration of the trains? I says. That's what you 'aven't tried, Mr. Darling. That's what you *can't* try, I says. But you rest assured that that's the secret of my sweet peas, I says, nothing less and nothing more than the vibration of the trains."

Mr. Direck's mind was a little confused by the double nature of the conversation and by the fact that Mr. Britling spoke of a car when he meant an automobile. He handed his ticket mechanically to the stationmaster, who continued to repeat and endorse his anecdote at the top of his voice as Mr. Britling disposed himself and his guest in the automobile.

"You know you 'aven't 'urt that mud-guard, sir, not the slightest bit that matters," shouted the stationmaster. "I've been a-looking at it—er. It's my fence that's suffered most. And that's only strained the post a lil' bit. Shall I put your bag in behind, sir?"

Mr. Direck assented, and then, after a momentary hesitation, rewarded the stationmaster's services.

"Ready?" asked Mr. Britling.

"That's all right, sir," the stationmaster reverberated.

With a rather wide curve Mr. Britling steered his way out of the station into the high road.

§ 4.

And now it seemed was the time for Mr. Direck to make his meditated speeches. But an unexpected complication was to defeat this intention. Mr. Direck perceived almost at once that Mr. Britling was probably driving an automobile for the first or second, or at the extremist, the third time in his life.

The thing became evident when he struggled to get into the high gear—an attempt that stopped the engine, and it was even more startlingly so when Mr. Britling narrowly missed a collision with a baker's cart at a corner. "I pressed the accelerator," he explained afterwards, "instead of the brake. One does at first. I missed him by less than a foot." The estimate was a generous one. And after that Mr. Direck became too anxious not to distract his host's thoughts to persist with his conversational openings. An attentive silence came upon both gentlemen that was broken presently by a sudden outcry from Mr. Britling and a great noise of tormented gears. "Damn!" cried Mr. Britling, and "How the devil?"

Mr. Direck perceived that his host was trying to turn the car into a very beautiful gateway, with gate-houses on either side. Then it was manifest that Mr. Britling had abandoned this idea, and then they came to a stop a dozen yards or so along the main road. "Missed it," said Mr. Britling, and took his hands off the steering-wheel and blew stormily, and then whistled some bars of a fretful air, and became still.

"Do we go through those ancient gates?" asked Mr. Direck, after a little pause.

Mr. Britling looked over his right shoulder and considered problems of curvature and distance. "I think," he said, "I will go round outside the park. It will take us a little longer, but it will be simpler than backing and manoeuvring here now. . . . These electric starters are remarkably convenient things. Otherwise now I should have to get down and wind up the engine."

After that came a corner, the rounding of which seemed to present few difficulties until suddenly Mr. Britling cried out, "Eh! eh! EH! Oh, damn!"

Then the two gentlemen were sitting side by side in a rather sloping car that had ascended the bank and buried its nose in a hedge of dog-rose and honeysuckle, from which two fieldfares and a blackbird and a number of sparrows had made a hurried escape. . . .

§ 5.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Britling, without assurance, and after a little peaceful pause, "I can reverse out of this."

He seemed to feel some explanation was due to Mr. Direck. "You see, at first—it's perfectly simple—one steers round a corner and then one doesn't put the wheels straight again, and so one keeps on going round—more than one meant to. It's the bicycle habit; the bicycle rights itself. One expects a car to do the same thing. It was my fault. The book explains all this question clearly, but just at the moment I forgot."

He reflected and experimented in a way that made the engine scold and fuss. . . .

"You see, she won't budge for the reverse. . . . She's—embedded. . . . Do you mind getting out and turning the wheel back? Then if I reverse, perhaps we'll get a move on. . . ."

Mr. Direck descended, and there were considerable efforts.

"If you'd just grip the spokes. Yes, so. . . . One, Two, Three! . . . No! Well, let's just sit here until somebody comes along to help us. Oh! Somebody will come all right. Won't you get up again?"

And after a reflective moment Mr. Direck resumed his seat beside Mr. Britling. . . .

§ 6

The two gentlemen smiled at each other to dispel any suspicion of discontent.

"My driving leaves something to be desired," said Mr. Britling with an air of frank impartiality. "But I have only just got this car for myself—after some years of hired cars—the sort of lazy arrangement, when people supply car, driver, petrol, tyres, insurance and everything at so much a month. It bored me abominably. I can't imagine now how I stood it for so long. They sent me down a succession of compact, scornful boys, who used to go fast when I wanted to go slow, and slow when I wanted to go fast, and who used to take every corner on the wrong side at top speed, and charge dogs and hens for the sport of it, and all sorts of things like that. They would not even let me choose my roads. I should have got myself a car long ago, and driven it, if it wasn't for that infernal business with a handle one had to do when the engine stopped. But here, you see, is a reasonably cheap car with an electric starter—American, I need scarcely say. And here I am—going at my own pace."

Mr. Direck glanced for a moment at the pretty disorder of the hedge in which they were embedded, and smiled, and admitted that it was certainly much more agreeable.

Before he had finished saying as much, Mr. Britling was talking again.

He had a quick and rather jerky way of speaking; he seemed to fire out a thought directly it came into his mind, and he seemed to have a loaded magazine of thoughts in his head. He spoke almost exactly twice as fast as Mr. Direck, clipping his words much more, using much compacter sentences, and generally cutting his corners, and this put Mr. Direck off his game.

That rapid attack which the transatlantic interlocu-

tor is deploring is, indeed, a not infrequent defect of conversations between Englishmen and Americans. It is a source of many misunderstandings. The two conceptions of conversation differ fundamentally. The English are much less disposed to listen than the American; they have not quite the same sense of conversational give and take, and at first they are apt to reduce their visitors to the rôle of auditors wondering when their turn will begin. Their turn never does begin. Mr. Direck sat deeply in his slanting seat with a half face to his celebrated host, and said "Yep" and "Sure" and "That is so," in the dry grave tones that he believed an Englishman would naturally expect him to use, realizing this only very gradually.

Mr. Britling, from his praise of the enterprise that had at last brought a car he could drive within his reach, went on to that favorite topic of all intelligent Englishmen, the adverse criticism of things British. He pointed out that the central position of the brake and gear levers in his automobile made it extremely easy for the American manufacturer to turn it out either as a left-handed or a right-handed car, and so adapt it either to the Continental or to the British rule of the road. No English cars were so adaptable. We British suffered much from our insular rule of the road, just as we suffered much from our insular weights and measures. But we took a perverse pride in such disadvantages. The irruption of American cars into England was a recent phenomenon, it was another triumph for the tremendous organizing ability of the American mind. They were doing with the automobile what they had done with clocks, and watches, and rifles, they had standardized and machined wholesale, while the British were still making the things one by one. It was an extraordinary thing that England, which was the originator of the industrial system and the original developer of the division of labor, should have so fallen away from systematic manufacturing. He believed this was largely due to the influence of Oxford and the Established Church. . . .

At this point Mr. Direck was moved by an anecdote. "It will help to illustrate what you are saying, Mr. Britling, about systematic organization, if I tell you a little incident that happened to a friend of mine in Toledo, where they are setting up a big plant with a view to capturing the entire American and European market in the class of the thousand-dollar car—"

"There's no end of such little incidents," said Mr. Britling, cutting in without apparent effort. "You see, we get it on both sides. Our manufacturer class was, of course, originally an insurgent class. It was a class of distended craftsmen. It had the craftsman's natural enterprise and natural radicalism. As soon as it prospered and sent its boys to Oxford it was lost. Our manufacturing class was assimilated in no time to the conservative classes, whose education has always had a mandarin flavor—very, very little of it, and very old and choice. In America you have so far had no real conservative class at all. Fortunate continent! You cast out your Tories, and you were left with nothing but Whigs and Radicals. But our peculiar bad luck has been to get a sort of revolutionary who is a Tory mandarin too. Ruskin and Morris, for example, were as reactionary and anti-scientific as the dukes and the bishops. Machine haters. Science haters. Rule of Thumbites to the bone. So are our current Socialists. They've filled this country with the idea that the ideal automobile ought to be made entirely by the hand labor of traditional craftsmen, quite individually, out of beaten copper, wrought iron, and seasoned oak. All this electric-starter business, and this electric lighting outfit I have here is perfectly hateful to the English mind. . . . It isn't that we are simply backward in these things, we are antagonistic. The British mind has never really tolerated electricity; at least, not that sort of electricity that runs through wires. Too slippery and glib for it. Associates it with Italians and fluency generally, with Volta, Galvani, Marconi, and so on. The proper British electricity is that high-grade, useless, longsparking stuff you get by turning round a glass machine; stuff we used to call frictional electricity. Keep it in Leyden jars. . . . At Claverings

here they still refuse to have electric bells. There was a row when the Solomons, who were tenants here for a time, tried to put them in. . . ."

Mr. Direck had followed this cascade of remarks with a patient smile and a slowly nodding head. "What you say," he said, "forms a very marked contrast indeed with the sort of thing that goes on in America. This friend of mine I was speaking of, the one who is connected with an automobile factory in Toledo—"

"Of course," Mr. Britling burst out again, "even conservatism isn't an ultimate thing. After all, we and your enterprising friend at Toledo, are very much the same blood. The conservatism, I mean, isn't racial. And our earlier energy shows it isn't in the air or in the soil. England has become unenterprising and sluggish because England has been so prosperous and comfortable. . . ."

"Exactly," said Mr. Direck. "My friend of whom I was telling you, was a man named Robinson, which indicates pretty clearly that he was of genuine English stock, and, if I may say so, quite of your build and complexion; racially, I should say, he was, well—very much what you are. . . ."

§ 7.

This rally of Mr. Direck's mind was suddenly interrupted.

Mr. Britling stood up, and putting both hands to the sides of his mouth, shouted "Yi-ah! Are-ya! Thea!" at unseen hearers.

After shouting again several times, it became manifest that he had attracted the attention of two willing but deliberate laboring men. They emerged slowly, first as attentive heads, from the landscape. With their assistance the car was restored to the road again. Mr. Direck assisted manfully, and noted the respect that was given to Mr. Britling and the shillings that fell to the men, with an intelligent detachment. They touched their hats, they called Mr. Britling "Sir." They examined the car distantly but kindly. "Ain't 'urt 'e, not a bit 'e ain't, not really," said one encouragingly. And indeed except for a slight crumpling of the mud-guard and the detachment of the wire of one of the headlights the automobile was uninjured. Mr. Britling resumed his seat; Mr. Direck gravely and in silence got up beside him. They started with the usual convulsion, as though something had pricked the vehicle unexpectedly and shamefully behind. And from this point Mr. Britling, driving with meticulous care, got home without further mishap, excepting only that he scraped off some of the metal edge of his footboard against the gate-post of his very agreeable garden.

His family welcomed his safe return, visitor and all, with undisguised relief and admiration. A small boy appeared at the corner of the house, and then disappeared hastily again.

"Daddy's got back all right at last," they heard him shouting to unseen hearers.

§ 8.

Mr. Direck, though he was a little incommoded by the suppression of his story about Robinson—for when he had begun a thing he liked to finish it—found Mr. Britling's household at once thoroughly British, quite un-American, and a little difficult to follow. It had a quality that at first he could not define at all. Compared with anything he had ever seen in his life before, it struck him as being—he found the word at last—sketchy. For instance, he was introduced to nobody except his hostess, and she was indicated to him by a mere wave of Mr. Britling's hand. "That's Edith," he said, and returned at once to his car to put it away. Mrs. Britling was a tall, freckled woman with pretty bright brown hair and preoccupied brown eyes. She welcomed him with a handshake, and then a wonderful English parlormaid—she at least was according to expectations—took his grip-sack and guided him to his room. "Lunch, sir," she said, "is outside," and closed the door and left him to that and a towel-covered can of hot water.

It was a square-looking old red-brick house he had come to, very handsome in a simple Georgian fashion, with a broad lawn before it and great blue cedar trees, and a drive that came frankly up to the front door and then went off with Mr. Britling and the car round to unknown regions at the back. The centre of the house was a big airy hall, oak-panelled, warmed in winter only by one large fireplace, and abounding in doors that he knew opened into the square separate rooms that England favors. Bookshelves and stuffed birds comforted the landing outside his bedroom. He descended to find the hall occupied by a small, bright, bristling boy in white flannel shirt and knickerbockers and bare legs and feet. He stood before the vacant open fireplace in an attitude that Mr. Direck knew instantly was also Mr. Britling's. "Lunch is in the garden," the Britling scion proclaimed, "and I've got to fetch you. And, I say! is it true? Are you American?"

"Why, surely," said Mr. Direck.

"Well, I know some American," said the boy. "I learnt it."

"Tell me some," said Mr. Direck, smiling still more amiably.

"Oh! Well—Gol darn you! Ouch. Gee-whizz! Soak him, Maud! It's up to you, Duke. . . ."

"Now, where did you learn all that?" asked Mr. Direck, recovering.

"Out of the Sunday Supplement," said the youthful Britling.

"Why! Then you know all about Buster Brown," said Mr. Direck. "He's fine—eh?"

The Britling child hated Buster Brown. He regarded Buster Brown as a totally unnecessary infant. He detested the way he wore his hair and the peculiar cut of his knickerbockers and—him. He thought Buster Brown the one drop of paraffin in the otherwise delicious feast of the Sunday Supplement. But he was a diplomatic child.

"I think I like Happy Hooligan better," he said. "And dat ole Maud."

He reflected with joyful eyes, Buster clean forgotten. "Every week," he said, "she kicks someone."

It came to Mr. Direck as a very pleasant discovery that a British infant could find a common ground with the small people at home in these characteristically American jests. He had never dreamt that the fine wine of Maud and Buster could travel.

"Maud's a treat," said the youthful Britling, lapsing into his native tongue.

Mr. Britling appeared coming to meet them. He was now in a grey flannel suit—he must have jumped into it—and altogether very much tidier. . . .

§ 9.

The long, narrow table under the big sycamores between the house and the adapted barn that Mr. Direck learnt was used for "dancing and all that sort of thing," was covered with a blue linen diaper cloth, and that, too, surprised him. This was his first meal in a private household in England, and for obscure reasons he had expected something very stiff and formal with "spotless napery." He had also expected a very stiff and capable service by implacable parlormaid, and the whole thing, indeed, highly genteel. But two cheerful women servants appeared from what was presumably the kitchen direction, wheeling a curious wicker erection, which his small guide informed him was called Aunt Clatter—manifestly deservedly—and which bore on its shelves the substance of the meal. And while the maids at this migratory sideboard carved and opened bottles and so forth, the small boy and a slightly larger brother, assisted a little by two young men of no very defined position and relationship, served the company. Mrs. Britling sat at the head of the table, and conversed with Mr. Direck by means of hostess questions and imperfectly accepted answers while she kept a watchful eye on the proceedings.

The composition of the company was a matter for some perplexity to Mr. Direck. Mr. and Mrs. Britling were at either end of the table, that was plain enough.

It was also fairly plain that the two barefooted boys were little Britlings. But beyond this was a cloud of uncertainty. There was a youth of perhaps seventeen, rather taller than Britling and with eyes and freckles rather like his, who might be an early son or a stepson, he was shock-headed and with that look about his arms and legs that suggests overnight growth, and there was an unmistakable young German, very pink, with close-cropped fair hair, glasses, and a panama hat, who was probably the tutor of the younger boys. (Mr. Direck also was wearing his hat, his mind had been filled with an exaggerated idea of the treacheries of the English climate before he left New York. Everyone else was hatless.) Finally, before one reached the limits of the explicable there was a pleasant young man with a lot of dark hair and very fine dark blue eyes, whom everybody called "Teddy." For him, Mr. Direck hazarded "secretary."

But, in addition to these normal and understandable presences, there was an entirely mysterious pretty young woman in blue linen, who sat and smiled next to Mr. Britling, and there was a rather kindred-looking girl with darker hair on the right of Mr. Direck who impressed him at the very outset as being still prettier, and—he didn't quite place her at first—somehow familiar to him; there was a large irrelevant middle-aged lady in black with a gold chain and a large nose; between Teddy and the tutor, there was a tall, middle-aged man with an intelligent face, who might be a casual guest, there was an Indian young gentleman faultlessly dressed up to his brown soft linen collar and cuffs, and thereafter an uncontrolled outbreak of fine bronze modelling and abundantly fuzzy hair, and there was a very erect and attentive baby of a year or less, sitting up in a perambulator and gesticulating cheerfully to everybody. This baby it was that most troubled the orderly mind of Mr. Direck. The research for its paternity made his conversation with Mrs. Britling almost as disconnected and absent-minded as her conversation with him. It almost certainly wasn't Mrs. Britling's. The girl next to him or the girl next to Mr. Britling, or the lady in black, might any of them be married, but if so where was the spouse? It seemed improbable that they would wheel out a foundling to lunch. . . .

Realizing at last that the problem of relationship must be left to solve itself if he did not want to dissipate and consume his mind entirely, Mr. Direck turned to his hostess, who was enjoying a brief lull in her administrative duties, and told her what a memorable thing the meeting of Mr. Britling in his own home would be in his life, and how very highly America was coming to esteem Mr. Britling and his essays. He found that with a slight change of person, one of his premeditated openings was entirely serviceable here. And he went on to observe that it was novel and entertaining to find Mr. Britling driving his own automobile, and to note that it was an automobile of American manufacture. In America they had standardized and systematized the making of such things as automobiles to an extent that would, he thought, be almost startling to Europeans. It was certainly startling the European manufacturers. In illustration of that he might tell a little story of a friend of his called Robinson—a man who, curiously enough, in general build and appearance was very reminiscent indeed of Mr. Britling. He had been telling Mr. Britling as much on his way here from the station. His friend was concerned with several others in one of the biggest attacks that had ever been made upon what one might describe in general terms as the thousand-dollar light automobile market. What they said practically was this: This market is a jig-saw puzzle waiting to be put together and made one. We are going to do it. But that was easier to figure out than to do. At the very outset of this attack he and his associates found themselves up against an unexpected and very difficult proposition.

At first Mrs. Britling had listened to Mr. Direck with an almost undivided attention, but as he had developed his opening the feast upon the blue linen table had passed on to a fresh phase that demanded more and more of her directive intelligence. The two little boys

appeared suddenly at her elbows. "Shall we take the plates and get the strawberries, Mummy?" they asked simultaneously. Then one of the neat maids in the background had to be called up and instructed in undertones, and Mr. Direck saw that for the present Robinson's illuminating experience was not for her ears. A little baffled, but quite understanding how things were, he turned to his neighbor on his left. . . .

The girl really had an extraordinarily pretty smile, and there was something in her soft, bright, brown eyes—like the movement of some quick little bird. And—she was like somebody he knew! Indeed she was. She was quite ready to be spoken to.

"I was telling Mrs. Britling," said Mr. Direck, "what a very great privilege I esteem it to meet Mr. Britling in this highly familiar way."

"You've not met him before?"

"I missed him by twenty-four hours when he came through Boston on the last occasion. Just twenty-four hours. It was a matter of very great regret to me."

"I wish I'd been paid to travel round the world."

"You must write things like Mr. Britling, and then Mr. Kahn will send you."

"Don't you think if I promised well?"

"You'd have to write some promissory notes, I think—just to convince him it was all right."

The young lady reflected on Mr. Britling's good fortune.

"He saw India. He saw Japan. He had weeks in Egypt. And he went right across America."

Mr. Direck had already begun on the liner to adapt himself to the hopping inconsecutiveness of English conversation. He made now what he felt was quite a good hop, and he dropped his voice to a confidential undertone. (It was probably Adam in his first conversation with Eve, who discovered the pleasantness of dropping into a confidential undertone beside a pretty ear with a pretty wave of hair above it.)

"It was in India, I presume," murmured Mr. Direck, "that Mr. Britling made the acquaintance of the colored gentlemen?"

"Colored gentlemen!" She gave a swift glance down the table as though she expected to see something purple with yellow spots. "Oh, that is one of Mr. Lawrence Carmine's young men!" she explained, even more confidentially and with an air of discussing the silver bowl of roses before him. "He's a great authority on Indian literature, he belongs to a society for making things pleasant for Indian students in London, and he has them down."

"And Mr. Lawrence Carmine?" he pursued.

Even more intimately and confidentially she indicated Mr. Carmine, as it seemed by a motion of her eyelash.

Mr. Direck prepared to be even more *sotto voce* and to plumb a much profounder mystery. His eye rested on the perambulator; he leant a little nearer to the ear. . . . But the strawberries interrupted him.

"Strawberries!" said the young lady, and directed his regard to his left shoulder by a little movement of her head.

He found one of the boys with a high-piled plate ready to serve him.

And then Mrs. Britling resumed her conversation with him. She was so ignorant, she said, of things American, that she did not even know if they had strawberries there. At any rate, here they were at the crest of the season, and in a very good year. And in the rose season too! It was one of the dearest vanities of English people to think their apples, and their roses, and their strawberries the best in the world.

"And their complexions," said Mr. Direck, over the pyramid of fruit, quite manifestly intending a compliment. So that was all right. . . . But the girl on the left of him was speaking across the table to the German tutor, and did not hear what he had said. So that even if it wasn't very neat it didn't matter. . . .

Then he remembered that she was like that old daguerreotype of a cousin of his grandmother's that he had fallen in love with when he was a boy. It was her smile. Of course! Of course! . . . And he'd sort of

adored that portrait. . . . He felt a curious disposition to tell her as much. . . .

"What makes this visit even more interesting if possible to me," he said to Mrs. Britling, "than it would otherwise be, is that this Essex country is the country in which my maternal grandmother was raised, and also long way back my mother's father's people. My mother's father's people were very early New England people indeed. . . . Well, no. If I said 'Mayflower' it wouldn't be true. But it would approximate. They were Essex Hinkinson's. That's what they were. I must be a good third of me at least Essex. My grandmother was an Essex Corner. I must confess I've had some thought—"

"Corner?" said the young lady at his elbow sharply.

"I was telling Mrs. Britling I had some thought—"

"But about those Essex relatives of yours?"

"Well, of finding if they were still about in these parts. . . . Say! I haven't dropped a brick, have I?"

He looked from one face to another.

"She's a Corner," said Mrs. Britling.

"Well," said Mr. Direck, and hesitated for a moment. It was so delightful that one couldn't go on being just discreet. The atmosphere was free and friendly. His intonation disarmed offence. And he gave the young the full benefit of a quite expressive eye. "I'm very pleased to meet you, Cousin Corner. How are the old folks at home?"

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor.

THE DUBLIN RISING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As an old resident of Dublin who is not tied up in party politics, may I supplement the article of "K. T." in your issue of May 6th by a few observations? If we are to avoid a recurrence of the events of Easter Week, it is necessary to understand, as thoroughly as we can, the causes that led up to them.

It is necessary to differentiate the several elements which together constituted the rebel forces, and this has been done for us in set terms in the document purporting to proclaim the establishment of "The Irish Republic." The several elements were the Irish Volunteers, the Citizen Army, and the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

The last-named, which was apparently represented among the signatories of the proclamation by Thomas Clarke, an old dynamitard and ex-convict, seems to derive from the dynamitards of the 'eighties, and the Fenians of earlier times. It was a survival of a past age, little affected by modern conditions. Except in its antagonism to England, it had little in common with the other elements of the insurgent forces.

These other two—the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army—sprang out of modern conditions, and, as regards their origins, had much in common. However far they have gone astray—and to me they seem to have acted with criminal insanity—both originated as comparatively innocent organizations, as innocent certainly as the forces they were formed to resist.

The Irish Volunteers were formed early in 1914 to protect the majority of the people of Ireland against the hectoring attitude of the armed forces organized by a minority. The great stimulus to their formation was the "Curragh incident."

The Citizen Army is a few months older, but, like the Irish Volunteer force, it was openly formed on the model of the Ulster Volunteers. In the autumn of 1913, four hundred employers of Dublin declared war on organized labor in Dublin, and their leader demanded "a fight to a finish." He was sure, in his own phrase, of "three meals a day"—the workers and their wives and children were equally sure of starvation. The starvation came, and the

finish seemed to have come, too, but, in the meantime, the Citizen Army had been founded for the avowed purpose of protecting organized labor; let us hope that the rising of Easter Week is the last, as it is the latest, event in that "fight to a finish" which began when the tramway parcel hands were locked out in August, 1913.

It is useless at the present moment to attempt to apportion the blame for the disaster which has put Ireland back a generation at a moment when her prospects were brighter than they had been for centuries.

Two words as regards the future. For the past few years Ireland has been the parade-ground of three or four competing amateur armies. There must in future be no army in Ireland except the King's Army. This seems to me the essential preliminary to any attempt to carry on the King's Government in Ireland, or to give security to his subjects in Ireland.

Again, a serious attempt must be made to settle the causes of labor discontent in Dublin and to solve the housing problem so closely allied thereto. Repressive measures are worse than useless—they drive the discontent deeper. The repression of 1913, in which the employers, the press, the Church, both political parties, and the Government authorities combined, rendered possible the rising of Easter Week, 1916.—Yours, &c.,

NO POLITICIAN.

May 16th, 1916.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The treatment of Conscientious Objectors to military service appears to have reached a phase in which protest ought not to be confined, as for the most part it has been, to those who share their attitude. The defence of freedom of conscience—or, in less mystical language, of a man's right to do his duty (the only "right," said Comte, that man has)—has been involved in the defence of a particular interpretation of duty; and the more partial and questionable claim has compromised the larger and weightier. Now, frankly, it ought to be made clear that the objector's right to considerate treatment does not stand or fall with the justification of his special plea. Weighed in the moral balance, conscience against conscience, idealism against idealism, character against character, the men who refuse, however sincerely, to take part in war would at least not score an easy victory over those who embrace death willingly for their country. Their plea that life is too sacred to be taken, or given, for any cause, is met by another—more ancient, but assuredly not dimmed by age—which asserts that some causes are more precious even than life. If the one class check our readiness to treat life as a toy, the other interpose a warning, no less needful, not to treat it as a fetish. It is arguable that both these tempers or points of view have their due place in the ethics of a great community at the present stage of the world's history; neither, certainly, is entitled, on moral any more than on political grounds, to override or suppress the other.

And this is in effect the attitude taken, with the substantial approval of all parties, by the law. Notwithstanding the evident bias of the Government and of the majority in Parliament towards service in the field, exemption has been allowed to those who can conscientiously claim it. This is the more honorable to the Government, since some of its members, like Mr. Long, far from sympathizing with the special plea of the Objectors, profess to be unable even to understand it. But the decision has not satisfied two classes of persons. First, those Objectors who, at the bar of the tribunals, decline as of right to do any national service whatever. And, secondly, those other Objectors, on the bench, who decline, equally as of right, to allow any exemption at all. With the first, few people have any patience, and they receive short shrift from the courts. But the Dogberry in office, who announces before the proceedings begin that he "has had enough of those Conscientious Objectors," has for the moment a stronger position. The law is not a whit more on his side than on the other's, and he violates it even more grossly; but it has given him a giant's power, and he uses it like a giant. He is able, "dressed in a little brief authority," to play fantastic tricks

at the cost of men whose objection is founded, not upon a narrow individualism, but upon an ideal of national life too spiritual for a world in which spirit itself can only find expression through muscle and nerve; men whose perversity where they are perverse, may be a hundred times nobler than his rightness where he is right. The results of his action we have seen in part, for they are only beginning, but it is already clear that issues are possible which will profoundly shock the national conscience, no matter what opinion be entertained of the grounds of objection. Even dark cells and bread-and-water have the air of being not so much puerile attempts to make men orthodox by blows and knocks, as dastardly efforts to penalize them for a contumacious heresy, which the law expressly recognizes and justifies. It will not be long, we suspect, before the perpetrators encounter resentment louder and more formidable than any provoked by sympathy with the "heretics" or with their plea. For if there is anything which the moral energy of the English political mind decisively condemns it is the usurpation of the power of the law by individuals to travesty and frustrate its purpose—a sinister mixture of the worst diseases of opposite types of polity, combining legal oppression with arbitrary tyranny, the rigor of iron mechanism with the caprice of irresponsible will.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. HERFORD.

Didsbury. May 16th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I reply to Lady Willoughby de Broke's letter? "I came not to bring peace, but a sword" cannot possibly refer to a material sword, if you read to the end of the chapter the texts in contact with it. The isolation of texts in this way entirely alters their meaning. In the case of the money-changers in the Temple, no one can suppose that the driving of animals or men out of the Temple by means of a whip of small cords sanctions the use of poisoned gas, and submarines, and the sticking of bayonets into your brother man. The pacifist does not need for the support of his views isolated texts from the New Testament. The whole life and teaching of Christ are absolutely at variance with every kind of modern warfare, nor does He at any point sanction crime in one nation to overcome crime in another. The other questions can all be answered. The Conscientious Objector is in exactly the same position as Lady Willoughby de Broke is with regard to the legislation of the Liberal Government. When she is in a minority she has to submit, or leave the country. The choice of leaving the country is not now an *open question* or very many would gladly avail themselves of it. I hear there will be a great exodus of the most valuable young men when this war is over. The genuine Conscientious Objector is not accepting war pay or war work. He is sacrificing much to avoid this. He does not shelter himself behind military and naval forces, because he knows, from the conclusive evidence of the success of the Rush-Bagot Treaty between Canada and America, how much safer he would be without them. Large armies and navies are provocative, and bring wars. The men will not, very naturally, remain *inactive*. The Conscientious Objector does not think that England conquered and ruled by Germany would be a good thing for him. He does not even like England conquered and ruled by the imitation of Prussian militarism, as she now is. All he hopes, for the good of his country, is that in both countries it may be destroyed; but he sees that force, which has so strengthened the militarism of both countries, cannot do it. It can alone be destroyed by the will of the enlightened democracies of the countries themselves. If Lady Willoughby de Broke can accomplish it by any other means she will be a magician, for she has all history against her.—Yours, &c.,

S.

May 15th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I suggest that sympathy with Conscientious Objectors is clouding the issue? The Conscientious Objector can take care of himself. He and the volunteer at the front are fellow crusaders in a sacred cause. He, too, has counted

the cost, and if he is shot by his brother in France, or kicked to death by too much zeal in barracks, it is his country which is the loser.

Let me put in a word for the impressed man who does not conscientiously object, for the loafer, the shirker, too inertly selfish to hear the call of country or conscience. It is time someone made the protest for him which he is incapable of making himself. What happens to such a fellow when he is compelled to be a soldier? By the grace of the centuries and the lessons of his schoolmaster he has but just attained to the negative virtue of living and letting live. To force his indifference into the slaughter-machine is inevitably to brutalize him. Of him war will not make a hero (he has not the faith which consecrates), it will only make a beast—the kind of beast he had begun to outgrow—for fighting is no longer a standard virtue, it is already, for the average man of to-day, an anachronism. The poor shirker is not, it is true, the man of the future; but why re-convert him into a man of the past? He has, as yet, no religion; but is it therefore desirable to give him the false creed of militarism? This is what Prussia has done with her half-educated millions; and we are "out against" Prussia wherever she be.—Yours, &c.,

ETHEL WEDGWOOD.

Cranham, Glos. May 15th, 1916.

A SEPARATE PEACE WITH TURKEY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In my letter of April 15th to THE NATION, I made objective criticism on the doctrine of M. Longuet. In his rejoinder of May 6th, M. Longuet makes a personal attack upon my character. No doubt, it would be easy for me to retaliate in the same strain, owing to my compatriot's peculiar circumstances. Yet will I abide by my method, as one more worthy of this debate.

(1) M. Longuet charges me with the extraordinary view that this war should not be allowed to stop till the Allies have "exterminated" 145,000,000 men (Turks, Germans, and Austrians; Bulgarians, happily, being spared). May I say that M. Longuet is not at his best when he makes an attempt at humor? I opposed his views on two grounds. One was that his separate peace with Turkey was intended as "a stepping-stone to a series of piecemeal peaces." Apparently, M. Longuet may deny this. Unfortunately, since my first letter, a Turkish ex-Councillor of State, perhaps one of his friends in Switzerland, has let the cat out of the bag and confirmed my views to a point in telling the "Journal de Genève" that this "separate peace would inevitably be the prelude of a general peace" ("Westminster Gazette," May 11th). I am sorry for M. Longuet. My second reason for checking his scheme was that this is no moment to estrange our Russian ally, when "the Germans are at Noyon," and our fate in the scales at Verdun. To make sure of this point, since my first letter, I have put the question, here in London, to M. Paul Miliukoff, the chief of the democratic Cadets in the Duma, and the editor of the most Liberal paper—"Retch." He has allowed me to give his answer, in the following terms, publicly:—

"I firmly believe that this propaganda of a separate peace with Turkey on such terms would produce in the whole of Russia, including the Liberal circles, a deplorable impression and result."

I am sorry for M. Longuet.

(2) M. Longuet tells us in his second letter that "the whole of the French Parliamentary Socialist Party—one hundred strong—unanimously accepted his view." So he had already told us. "Cui bis repetita placent." He added, however, in his first letter, that "at the meeting of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber he had a no less sympathetic reception." Why has M. Longuet dropped this claim in his second letter? Is it because the question was raised in the House of Commons on April 18th, when Mr. Outhwaite asked the Foreign Secretary what truth there was in M. Longuet's statement? And is it because Sir Edward Grey rather disdainfully answered: "I know nothing of this statement"? (London papers, April 18th). I am sorry for M. Longuet.

(3) It would seem that M. Longuet has discovered him-

self as the missing link between the stop-war Socialists of England and the stop-war Socialists of France. With a huge megaphone to his lips he blows the faintest whisper into a thundering clamor from the one side of the Channel to the other, inflating illusion in either party as to the strength of its partner, and making one whole out of two nothings. It will be wise for Liberals in both countries to circumscribe the reputation of this self-appointed ambassador, and to inspect his megaphone—

"Which keeps eternal murmurings around
Desolate shores. . . ."

I presume M. Longuet's French comrades must have been dumbfounded to hear that, despite his prophecies to the contrary ("Humanité," January 8th, and "Bonnet Rouge," January 11th, 1916), yes, rather dumbfounded to hear that British Labor unstintedly has backed compulsion with broad shoulders. And likewise the English I.L.P. must have been no less astounded to hear that the Syndicalists of France hail British compulsion with the cry: "Hurrah, comrades!" ("La Bataille," editorial, May 4th). Perhaps M. Longuet will now agree that my humble interpretation of the demands of French Socialists happened to be a true prophecy; quite the reverse of his oracle.

(4) This over-Channel quibbling must cease. Here is a first challenge to M. Longuet. He emphatically declares in France that he shares the views of the I.L.P. in England ("Bonnet Rouge," January 11th). Now the I.L.P. has been steadily hinting for the past month, and has clearly asserted in the last week, at the Newcastle Conference, that it opposes the further carrying on of the war: ". . . An uncompromising stand. . . . A definite peace propaganda. . . . A vigorous peace campaign. . . . Refuse to support all war. . . . even if such war be nominally of a defensive character" ("Labor Leader," April 27th, pp. 2 and 15, the resolution adopted by 235 votes, with none against). That is plain talk at any rate, and we will inquire after the war from Belgian Socialists now starving at home or wasting away in German dungeons, or fighting the Huns in the trenches, what they have to say to the "nominal" invasion of their country. I am content, for the present, to leave it to M. Longuet to choose, on the ground of the Newcastle resolution, *either openly to disavow, in his next letter to THE NATION, his friends of the I.L.P. in England, or openly to express in France, both in the papers and at the Chamber, the same views as those of the I.L.P.* This, then, is a test of his honesty. I will not take silence for an answer. If he fails to speak out his mind, I will be entitled to say that "there is something rotten" in a certain district of the political kingdom.

(5) The readers of THE NATION have certainly enjoyed a *primeur* in hearing from M. Longuet that thirty-three out of one hundred of his Socialist colleagues in Parliament are "backing" his policy. But again we say that we would like M. Longuet to make known this statement in France, rather than keep it for England. For again we say that this over-Channel quibbling must cease. Here is a second challenge to M. Longuet. *What are the names of these thirty-three?* Not till these heroes have taken their stand, will I lose my right to speak of them as of a *phantom minority*. But even when they make bold to face sunshine in stepping out of their vault, let them be numbered accurately, for I see that M. Longuet's miscalculations in politics are extending to arithmetic, since he candidly writes that thirty-three is "more than one-third" of a hundred—an excellent method, I will agree, of increasing a minority.

(6) As to the 960 votes of M. Longuet's supporters—against 1,990—at the recent French Socialist Party National Council, will M. Longuet allow me to say that only through some magician's trickery has the phantom been quickened into life? I mean that it was not made clear at all to the voters on what grounds they were to decide. For M. Longuet's minority motion was wholly based on the assertion that "*the citoyen Camille Huysmans (in his recent mission to England and France) had made efforts, on behalf of the International Bureau, towards obtaining the resumption of intercourse between the various sections*" (viz., including

the German section). Thus runs the motion of M. Longuet, the very wording of which I quote. Now, the International Bureau had charged M. Huysmans with no such undertaking. M. Huysmans formally declared in the "Petit Parisien," of March 25th, that the mere meeting of the Bureau "*was actually impossible, and that he was personally making no efforts to bring it on. . . . The unique object (of his mission) was to get information as to the opinion of French Socialists.*" . . . All that was said of his endeavor to bring about a "*rapprochement*" were "*calumnies.*" "*Nor did he ignore whence these came, but he disdained them.*" I am sorry for M. Longuet. As for the President of the Bureau, who accompanied M. Huysmans on his visit to England and France, M. Emile Vandervelde, he formally declared also in the "Humanité" of April 9th, that "*he and Huysmans had been to London and Paris in order to come into contact and gather direct information on the state of Socialist opinion in both countries.*" These are M. Vandervelde's own words in answer to the "Morning Post," which had accused him and M. Huysmans of having been plotting in England, exactly what M. Longuet's motion glorifies them for having done. Obviously, those two conflicting statements cannot in any way be reconciled: to "gather information" from English and French Socialists is one thing, and to elicit the "resumption of intercourse" with the Kaiser's Socialists is another. Huysmans and Vandervelde give the lie to M. Longuet's trickery. This is a third challenge to M. Longuet. Not till M. Longuet has made clear this momentous point of quibbling will I refrain from repeating that "there is something rotten" in a certain district of the international kingdom.

(7) Yet another *primeur* do we reap from M. Longuet's last letter. I had referred to his going to Switzerland to meet the German Socialists. Now, thanks to M. Longuet's disclosures in THE NATION, we further learn that this journey was undertaken "with the full agreement of all the French Socialist leaders"—not with the agreement of some Parliamentary leaders. Of all the French Socialist leaders. Here goes, then, a fourth challenge to M. Longuet: I defy him to state that the three foremost leaders of the French Socialist Party, who sit as the official delegates of this Party in the Coalition Government—namely, Jules Guesde, Marcel Sembat, and Albert Thomas—have sent him over to prattle with the enemy. But what about the Great Old Man, the heart and soul of the party since and before the assassination of Jaurès, who stood for the Presidency of the Republic as the Socialist candidate in January, 1913? His name was Edouard Vaillant. If still in life when M. Longuet made his journey, can M. Longuet boast of having secured his agreement? If dead, can M. Longuet have forgotten the terrible and tragic language with which this veteran of the Commune—of the patriotic Commune—branded the names of the two French Socialists who had deserted to Zimmerwald? Old Vaillant died, some few days later, from the bitterness of his disgust. (See the evidence by Gustave Hervé, a witness of the scene at the Seine Federation, in the "Guerre Sociale" of December 19th, 1915.) These be the "leaders" of our Socialism, of the national French Socialism, in this time of our war for Right. Are they the leaders of M. Longuet?

I conclude with my "Carthago." All this quibbling must be stopped for the honor of all those concerned, and for the safeguard of victory. I am quite willing, for my part, to be held up as a "Russo-maniac" with the Liberals of Russia, and likewise as an "extreme Jingo," along with those French Socialists to whom M. Longuet refers as "invaded by an abject chauvinism" ("Bonnet Rouge," January 11th, 1916). I do not claim, like M. Longuet, to be the mouthpiece of Democracy, or the oversea megaphone. I only claim to be a free man with a few plain facts in his hand. I am ready to answer any question of M. Longuet's. Is he ready to answer mine?—Yours, &c.,

PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON

(Former Editor of "Les Droits de l'Homme").

May 10th, 1916.

P.S.—M. Longuet was very unwise to speak of "the contempt and indignation" which my attacks on Romain Rolland are supposed to have aroused in France in "all

true Democrats and Socialists." Not a single devotee of Rolland, not even M. Jean Longuet, has dared to question in a single paper the statements, facts, and documents which I have brought forth in the case of this master in quibbling, and against his fraudulent book, where the author has altered four dates and suppressed eight of his public letters. The Republican Press, on the contrary, and the Republican Press alone, has given to my book, "Etes-vous neutres devant le Crime?" unanimous and whole-hearted approbation. In "l'Homme Enchaîné," M. Clemenceau wrote that I have "brought things to the point"; according to Gustave Hervé's Socialist "Victoire," the conclusion is, after reading my book, that Romain Rolland, "in posing for the angel, played the fool"; the "Radical" has it that my answer has passed a verdict on Rolland "from which he will not recover"; and the Syndicalist "Bataille," under the signature of Charles Albert, the well-known Socialist writer, holds that my views are "irrefutable" . . . "un beau et bon livre—livre juste, livre utile, livre nécessaire." Last, but not least, the Jacobin M. Aulard, of the Sorbonne, writes in the "Information" that I have "spoken out as a free citizen with the spirit of the Revolution." The readers of THE NATION will excuse me for mentioning these eulogies. M. Longuet's barefaced assertion has left me no other possible means of knocking it flat on the head.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Cunninghame Graham's letter in answer to mine with deep disappointment. War brings strange transformations, but it is still a bitter thing when one finds a man whom one has admired for many years transformed into something entirely different from one's ideal of his nature.

I am not going to follow Mr. Cunninghame Graham's example in contempt of court by arguing about a case still on trial.

I will merely remark that when Mr. Cunninghame Graham exclaims, "Far be it from me to urge severity," and then goes on to pour out venomous abuse and scornful innuendo against a distinguished man who stands on trial for his life, he appears to me to be guilty of the kind of inconsistency sometimes known as cant.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

National Liberal Club. May 17th, 1916.

P.S.—As to Mr. Cunninghame Graham's statement in a postscript that Sir Roger Casement "must have known of all the horrors of the Wittenberg and other camps," everyone who is acquainted with German officialdom would agree that in all probability neither Sir Roger Casement nor anyone else in Germany, except the officials concerned, knew anything at all about them.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Surely Mr. Cunninghame Graham might have left the blackening of Sir Roger Casement to a meaner hand. As the case of Sir Roger is at present *sub judice*, I do not propose to discuss the question of his guilt or innocence in regard to the accusations made against him. But I must protest when one of the least self-seeking and most open-handed of men—a man who has lived not for his career but for the liberation of those who are oppressed and poor and enslaved—is dismissed with all the *clichés* of contempt. One would have thought that the modern appreciation of Dostoevsky would have inclined men to remember that human nature is at best a bewildering paradox of right and wrong. The whole of tragic literature is simply a vision of noble persons in the entanglements of this paradox. That is why I would urge Mr. Cunninghame Graham to consider Sir Roger with the imagination of a man of letters instead of with the indignation of a political partisan. Even those of his friends who, like myself, have been diametrically opposed to his recent policy, can never lose our admiration and affection for everything in him that was noble and compassionate.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT LYND.

Hampstead. May 16th, 1916.

Poetry.

AN OLD PROVERB.

"It will be all the same in a thousand years."

AND in a thousand years
It will be all the same,
Whether or no
Women's tears flow,
Or battles take us
To save or to break us,
Or man against man
Advance but a span;
Hideous in anger,
Tame in death's languor,
Shouting and crying,
Sobbing and dying,
On the red fields of war;
Calling on those afar,
Mother, and child, and wife
There in the midst of strife.
God, the earth shakes with it!
Down in the hellish pit,
Where the red river ran,
Hatred of man to man;
Maddened they rush to kill,
That but their single will;
Strangle or bayonet him!
Trample him life and limb
Into the awful mire;
Break him with knife or fire!
So that we know he lie
Dead to the smiling sky.
And in a thousand years
It will be all the same
Which of us was to blame?
What will it matter then!
Over the sleeping men
Grass will so softly grow
No one would ever know
Of the dark crimson stain,
Of all the hate and pain
That once had fearful birth
In the black secret earth.
Ah! in a thousand years
Time will forget our tears.
Babes in their golden hour
Seeking some hidden flower
Will, in those years afar,
Play on the fields of war;
And as they laughing roam
Mothers will call them home;
Laden with fruit and flower
Run they at twilight hour.
Cattle will, lowing, stray,
Little lambs frisk and play,
Birds nest in hedge and tree
All in Time's victory.
Dark o' night, dawn o' day,
Dark o' night, dawn o' day.
Thus in a thousand years
Time will forget our tears,
And the lost fields of war.
In the good years afar
When the lads silent lie,
When women's tears are dry,
All the wives comforted,
All the maid's grief is shed,
Crying babes safe and still
Sleeping in vale and hill,
Sobbing of men is mute,
And scream of dying brute,
On the red fields of war,
In those good years afar.
Only the waving grass,
Where the shy children pass
Seeking the hidden flower,
Glad in their golden hour,
And as they laughing roam
Mothers will call them home,
Laden with fruit or flower
Run they at twilight hour.
Over the meadow grass
Slow the moon's shadows pass,
Only the chirp of bird
From the deep hedge is heard.
This in a thousand years
Payment of blood and tears,
Horror we dare not name,
It will be all the same,
What is the value then
To all those sleeping men?
It will be all the same,
Paeon and grief and blame,
This in the years to be,
My God, the tragedy!

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

MR. JOHN LANE'S LIST.

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 "One of Our Grandmothers." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)

It takes all sorts to make a world of books, and I am not sure that the writers who have most contributed to the happiness of the human race are not the authors of cookery-books. Cooks can at least claim that their works are more frequently in the mouths of their enlightened contemporaries than those of men who are usually given a higher place in the hierarchy of letters. In spite of the absence of quotation marks in the last sentence, a reader learned in such matters will at once perceive that I have been reading Abraham Hayward's famous essay on "Gastronomy and Gastronomers." That essay was the first sketch of the same author's still more famous work, "The Art of Dining," and readers who hesitate to tackle the larger treatise will find in it an admirable introduction to the history and literature of cookery. For cookery has a literature, and by no means a contemptible one. It has also its immortals. Bechamel, as Hayward observes, "has a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce, as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay." It even has its martyr. Every reader of Madame de Sévigné will remember her description of how Vatel, Condé's cook, died rather than face dishonor.

COOKERY-BOOKS, I am told, sell almost as well as novels. They have engaged the attention of collectors, and if you ask a second-hand bookseller the price of some scarce treatise on the art, you will probably be surprised at his answer. First among the classics of cookery is the renowned work of Brillat-Savarin, whose aphorisms, meditations, and anecdotes fully rise to the height of his subject. Besides Brillat-Savarin, any representative collection would include the works of Beauvilliers, Carême, Soyer, Francatelli, Ude, and our own contemporary, M. Escoffier, not forgetting a set of Grimaud de la Reynière's "Almanach des Gourmands." The latter work concludes a eulogy of the charm and gentleness of the robin, with the words: "Cet aimable oiseau se mange à la broche et en salmi." Of native writers on cookery the best-known are Mrs. Glasse, Mrs. Beeton, Miss Acton, and, for radical reformers, Mr. Eustace Miles. Unfortunately, there is a cloud of suspicion over the authenticity of the British female pens that have claimed cookery as their province. Mrs. Beeton's very existence has been denied. Dr. Johnson refused to believe that Mrs. Glasse wrote the work that bears her name. "Women," he said to Miss Seward, "can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery." Johnson's "Cookery" is one of the most regrettable of the great unwritten books. "I could write a better book of cookery," he announced, "than has ever yet been written You shall see what a book of cookery I shall make."

NOVELISTS have for the most part neglected to tell us what their heroes and heroines ate and drank. This is almost as serious a fault as omitting to tell us their incomes and how they made them. Balzac, who realized the part that money plays in life, has given us plenty of information about the financial affairs of his characters, but he has little to say about their favorite dishes. Fielding, Smollett, and, in general, the older novelists, have some capital accounts of good dinners at inns, and Dickens has not been unmindful of this aspect of life. Thackeray is here on a lower level than Dickens, and Disraeli's descriptions of dinners are tawdry. Take Lothair's first dinner at Brentham, for example:—

"A table covered with flowers, bright with fanciful crystal, and porcelain that had belonged to sovereigns, who

had given a name to its color or its form. As for those present, all seemed grace and gentleness, from the radiant daughter of the house to the noiseless attendants that anticipated all his wants, and sometimes seemed to suggest his wishes."

One sentence about the table decorations, another about the guests and attendance, and not a word about what was at least the pretext of the assembly! Still worse are the sentiments expressed by Theodora in the same novel: "I am a great foe to dinners, and, indeed, to all meals. I think when the good time comes we shall give up eating in public, except, perhaps, fruit, on a green bank with music." But Theodora, on her own confession, was so abnormal as to "live only for climate and the affections."

SCOTT and Dumas, those two masters of romance, are more generous in their descriptions of the pleasures of the table. Give Dumas an inn and two horsemen approaching from different directions, and he unhesitatingly sets them down to a table loaded with good fare and good wine, as the prelude to a lively adventure. What reader can forget the gastronomic depredations of Athos in the innkeeper's cellar at Amiens at the time of the affair of the diamond studs, or the luncheon of the musketeers in the Saint-Gervais bastion in front of La Rochelle, or the exploits of Porthos at the table of Louis XIV.? Perhaps Scott's best dinner is that in "Peveril of the Peak," where the hero was initiated into the true art of dining:

"The repast now commenced; and Julian, though he had seen his young friend the Earl of Derby, and other gallants, affect a considerable degree of interest and skill in the science of the kitchen, and was not himself either an enemy or a stranger to the pleasures of a good table, found that, on the present occasion, he was a mere novice. Both his companions seemed to consider that they were now engaged in the only true and real business of life, and weighed all its minutiae with a proportional degree of accuracy. To carve the morsel in the most delicate manner—and to apportion the proper seasoning with the accuracy of the chemist—was a minuteness of science to which Julian had hitherto been a stranger."

It is disappointing to find that the historian of this banquet was more of a *gourmand* than a *gourmet*. "Scott's organization," Lockhart informs us, "as to more than one of the senses, was the reverse of exquisite." He could not distinguish corked wine from sound, and he "sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious 'liquid ruby' that ever flowed in the cup of a prince." Lawyer as he was, and Tory as he tried to be, he thought port no better than physic, and breakfast was his chief meal.

"The only dishes he was at all fond of," says his biographer, "were the old-fashioned ones, to which he had been accustomed in the days of Saunders Fairford, and which really are excellent dishes—such, in truth, as Scotland borrowed from France before Catherine de Medici brought in her Italian *virtuosi* to revolutionize the kitchen, like the court. Of most of these, I believe he has in the course of his novels, found some opportunity to record his esteem. But, above all, who can forget that his King Jamie, amidst the splendors of Whitehall, thinks himself an ill-used monarch unless his first course includes *cocky-leekie*?"

COOKERY, like literature, art, and architecture, is a reflection of life and embodies its ideals. The Latin satirists describe the costly profusion and the absence of taste of the Roman banquets of the decadence. Montaigne has a passage showing how the introduction of Italian art into France was accompanied by a renaissance of cookery, and Horace Walpole complains of the ostentatious desserts that came to England with the House of Hanover. When Napoleon was overthrown and Europe settled down to the development of the arts of peace, cookery was not neglected. This is how Lady Morgan writes of a dinner at Baron Rothschild's:—

"With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreaths of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual power of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization."

Contrast this with the "Kultur" of a German who expressed his passionate admiration for Schiller's poetry in the words: "O, das ist mir Wurst!"—"Oh, it is sausage to me!"

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"Lord Granville Leveson Gower (First Earl Granville): Private Correspondence, 1781-1821." Edited by his Daughter-in-Law, CASTALIA, COUNTESS GRANVILLE. (Murray. 2 vols. 32s. net.)

THE seventy-three years of Granville Leveson Gower's life covered the period of transition between that eighteenth-century world which is remote enough to delight us, and the Victorian Age which is too close behind us to be fully understood. As a child he was painted by Romney; as a youth of nineteen he made the Grand Tour. In his twentieth year the war with France began, and at Naples he met Lady Bessborough, the sister of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. One is tempted to go no further with a summary of Granville's life; for these memorable volumes preserve few of his own letters; he is little more than the cause of wit in others, existing but to put in motion Lady Bessborough's brilliant pen. A portrait by Lawrence shows him as a type of the ruling classes who carried through to final triumph the last great war in our history, and at the same time indicates the softness which gave him no more than three months of office, and kept him employed, more or less contentedly, in foreign missions, embassies to Petrograd, spasmodic appearances in the Lower House, which he adorned for twenty years. The beauty of his face is evident; the pure oval, the plentiful hair growing loose and low on the brow, the large and shapely aquiline nose, the full, sweet mouth, all lit up by the eyes which delighted many a woman, and were fixed at last, after much roving, on Lady Harriet Cavendish, "the Pearl," whom he married in 1809. In 1813 Lady Bessborough traces a likeness to him in a little girl, "her eyes long cut, of a beautiful bright blue, unlike any I ever saw except yours (I beg pardon, dear G., for what seems rather a coarse speech made in comment to you, but really I cannot describe them any otherwise)—they have the same long look, and the brilliant light blue in the middle, with a vein of dark." But the formality of his few letters leaves him shadowy compared with her. With the great houses of London and the country open to her, the fears and hopes of Ministers and Opposition poured into her ear, she guides his policy and his reading, and, if she exhibits the depth of her feeling, exhibits also the humor and sensibility of a fine lady.

By 1794 she is writing to him in terms of intimacy:—

"I do not know, indeed, what could make you set a value on so foolish an object as the one you ask'd me for, but since you have, I shall think it is putting it to the best possible use if it can wean you at all from your abominable love of play. Driving a hard bargain will be meritorious here, and I will have mine fulfilled *à la lettre*. I will not bate one particle when I see you in my room in C. Square in the spring. If you can say upon your honor you have never once broken your agreement,

The meeting points the fatal hair shall sever

From off my head, for ever and for ever,

and this valuable reward shall be given you *de bon cœur*."

In the next two years she confesses to the feeling which she reproves:—

"No man of your age can read the description of Hippolytus without wishing to be like it, and thinking that he was a little, and perhaps that is one reason why you exclaim so furiously at the notion of *flirtation*. If you really do go to no assemblies and talk to no women, but such as Ly. Melbourne, &c., does it not prove exactly what I tell you, that having pictur'd out in your imagination something very delightful which at present you call me, you refuse getting acquainted with a thousand other objects twenty times more deserving your love and attention, more able to return it, more suited to you in every way, to pursue a phantom of your own creation, which some day or other, when you open your eyes, and the sad reality appears stripped of all the bright colors your fancy has dress'd it in, you will dislike as much in proportion as you fancy you like, and wonder how you could so long give way to an illusion?

"I feel unhappy and ashamed from knowing there is more truth than I like to own in what they say; but pray do not let us spoil the few minutes we pass together in wrangles and complaints. . . . For when it can never be anything but friendship, and friendship only, why

refuse all the comforts of that sentiment without gaining anything for the other? . . . And tho' I will not pretend to deny that whenever you attach yourself to anyone I shall feel pain; yet for your sake, and from knowing all the good consequences that will arise from it, I shall not regret it, especially if you are (as I hope you will) yourself the first teller of it."

The wider interest of these papers is in the copious indications which they furnish of well-born people's manners in a crucial time of our history, and of the reverberations in Society of domestic and foreign events. Granville's first correspondent, his mother, not yet feeling bound to caution him against gambling and flirtation, writes with unflinching charm of the tiny details of eighteenth-century manners; how "Lady Sutherland has been ill of a sore mouth, her tongue and lips blistered. Asses' milk and the Bark have done her much good." How at Scarborough Granville's sisters "scampered down the Country Dances with such glee," and "came home in a most perfect Perspiration"; and, to Granville, at Christ Church, aged fifteen:—

"I have order'd Oysters to be sent every week, and I hope you received the Green Pomatum, that is to be put on your Hair three Nights in the Week, and the Honey Water is to wash your Hair the other three nights, in short, Alternately. This I have discovered is the method that Lady C. Howard took to make her Hair so long and thick, tho' she would not tell us of it."

She shows hygienic aspirations in advance of her time, writing in 1792, "I hope you have got the tub, and that you constantly go into the Cold Bath. I want you to be stout and active, and not to have an Iota of listlessness nor Indolence belonging to you"; and does not lack a text to enforce her warnings:—

"His Grace of Bridgewater arrived here two Days ago, as great a Treat as ever, and a good deal more indolent, for I do not believe that his Grace's Face has undergone the Operation of washing these last two months. . . . His Want of Religion makes him an Object of Pity. I do not mean that he does not believe in God, but there he is with the Gout and a Disorder in his Stomach, and Death and Immortality never occupy either his Thoughts or his Words, and he Swears!"

The French Revolution found English society first incredulous and then indignant. In 1790 Lady Stafford says:—

"These Times are big with Events. The Information from all the Southern Provinces in France is dreadful, and the Confusion in the National Assembly goes on prosperously."

And in November of that year:—

"We had some People last Night who are just come from Paris, and the acct. they give of the Poverty there, their want of Money and Business, is really humiliating; and yet so are that People made that they are not humbled, and still look upon themselves as superior to every other nation—and with all this there is such a want of Morality that their Conversation and Principles are Shocking. . . . They have not an idea of Religion; of that they make a jest."

Lady Sutherland, from across the Channel, expresses the same view in more full-blooded terms:—

"I don't believe there will be any further riot, unless some of the Common People who are near the scene of action get an accidental knock on the Head; and there are so many of them to spare that it would not signify much if they were to be treated as Sparrows, and killed in dozens at a time."

Through the dragging years of the war the search for a Man of Destiny acceptable to the English poor and middle classes who were paying in blood and taxes goes busily on, Granville's circle, with Lady Bessborough rather temperate in acclamation, wondering why the people should seek further with Pitt to their hand. Granville's parents speak of him, even in 1785, in the language of hyperbole:—

"Your Papa says that he is a most wonderful young man. His Passions are all guided by Reason, with a mind so improved, such Discretion, and so perfect a knowledge of the Commerce, Funds, and Government of the Country, that one must imagine to hear him on these subjects that he had the experience of fifty years, and at the same Time so clever, lively, and agreeable in Society, without the least assuming, that it is impossible to know him without liking him and wondering at his parts."

He is equally at home in the House and at table:—

"We had a very pleasant dinner; for tho' there were disputes about different Passages in Homer, of which we Females were ignorant, yet I enjoy'd that conversation, and wished that you had been there, for Mr. Pitt, with the greatest diffidence in his Manner, show'd how thoroughly he

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For those who would get to the very heart of the question, there could be no better book than one just published, at 1s. net, under the editorship of Hugh Martin, M.A., and entitled *The Ministry of Reconciliation*. The work is a complete survey of the grounds and implications of Christian Pacifism, and contains contributions from (among others) C. J. Cadoux, M.A., B.D., Richard Roberts, W. Evans Darby, D.D., LL.D., Carl Heath, Dr. H. T. Hodgkin, M.A., and W. E. Orchard, D.D. The volume is a valuable consensus of opinion and evidence, and leaves no side of a difficult problem untouched.

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Society fears that Tooke will not have a fair trial:—

"I heard Sheridan say last night that one of the Jury upon Horne Tooke's trial was as determined a democrat as Tom Paine."

And, sure enough, "people in general complain loudly," on his acquittal, "of the evident wishes that he (the judge) evinced of being popular with him and his Democratic adherents." But by 1797, though "the Democrats are Hard at Work to poison the Minds of the Miners in Cornwall in the hope to make them rise," Society can congratulate itself that "those Acts about Sedition, which made a Noise at first, and are now esteemed the Saviors of this Country," have quenched the Republican flame; and the great business of war is tranquilly pursued, heavy taxation and the dread of invasion itself causing less hubbub among these handsome, rich, fascinating, unalterable rulers of England than Master Betty, "indeed a glorious boy," a Rembrandt which sells for £5,000 and draws "flocks of people" to the lucky purchaser; than some "green serpents, ten or twelve feet long, who swallow rabbits whole as light food for their infancy"; or the irresistible flotation of the Light and Heat Company, parent of the Gas lamp, "these famous shares which are to make the fortune of all who hold them . . . and probably will involve half England in ruin—and prove a second South Sea Bubble." Moralists and historians, student of manners and student of England, are alike deeply indebted to the public spirit which has made these letters accessible, and to the scrupulous care with which they are edited; the correspondence will take a high place among the intimate authorities for the period.

THE THIRTY YEARS' PEACE.

"The History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." By H. VON TREITSCHKE. Vol. II.: "The Germanic Federation." (Jarrold and Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

IF the second volume of Treitschke's monumental work offers less sensational fare than the first, it is scarcely less interesting, and the mass of new material gives it greater importance: What happened in Germany after the Great War? That is a question which few Englishmen can answer, for no French or English writer has dealt with the subject in detail. It is Treitschke's achievement to have related the story of the Thirty Years' Peace with such knowledge, eloquence, and breadth, that a comparatively uneventful era becomes luminous before our eyes, and we are enabled to reconstruct the many-sided life of a great nation during the period of quiet growth which separated the wars of liberation from the wars of unification.

The curtain rises on the Congress of Vienna—that motley gathering which Blücher irreverently compared to a cattle fair. His wrathful judgment was not undeserved, for the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe proved themselves as selfishly efficient in the arts of haggling and intrigue as they

were blind to the permanent interests of Christendom and the aspirations of small nationalities. In the opening pages appears the inveterate bias from which our historian never escapes. Prussia is the hero of the piece, and Austria the villain, while the minor States of Germany are the pawns of the Hapsburgs in their truceless war against the Hohenzollerns. The Emperor Francis, the host of the Congress, is flagellated as a heartless and suspicious despot, stupid and vulgar, with an evil expression in his cold, dark eyes, his only gift being a certain peasant cunning. His great Minister, a far more dangerous enemy of Prussian rights and claims, naturally receives a similarly heavy sentence. "The adroit Metternich could swim like a fish in this sparkling whirlpool. No one knew so well as he how to carry through a political intrigue between dinner and a masked ball, how before going to an assignation to send off a quickly drafted official dispatch, or while looking affectionately into the blue eyes of one of his intimates to lie from the bottom of his soul." The rulers of the minor States are lashed with equal vigor. "The hearts of all these creatures of Napoleon were filled with envy of victorious Prussia. It was unendurable that the State of Frederick should have restored to the Germans a fatherland. Down with the powerful eagle into the mire of German powerlessness, quarrelsomeness, and poverty of spirit!—here was the thought in which the satraps of Bonapartism were happily united. To weaken the State which could alone defend the fatherland seemed to them all the pre-supposition of German freedom." Far from repenting of their treason to the national cause in the evil days of the Rheinbund, they paraded their impudent megalomania in the salon and the council-chamber. Not a few of them actually regretted the downfall of Napoleon, and Talleyrand had an easy task in marshalling them against Prussia.

Even Treitschke cannot make the nine months' wrangling in the Kaiserstadt anything but wearisome. Every Continental Power, great and small, fought for its own hand. The settlement with France proved easy enough, for France was prostrate; but the rival ambitions of the victors led Europe to the very brink of war. The two main problems were Poland and Saxony, of which the latter was by far the gravest. Like other German princes, Frederick Augustus had joined Napoleon and accepted the royal title from his hand; but, unlike his comrades, he had remained faithful to his benefactor in misfortune. Though his troops had changed sides at Leipzig, the old King refused to compromise, and found himself a prisoner in Prussian hands. For this loyalty—or treason—Prussia claimed the extinction of his kingdom, and Prussia's advocate, though himself a Saxon, warmly supports the demand. Austria, backed by the minor States, stoutly resisted the aggrandizement of her rival, and signed a secret alliance with France and England to resist it by force of arms. On the other side Gneisenau seriously considered inviting the returned Napoleon to assist Prussia in the realization of her aims. Plans of campaign had been drawn up and the generals appointed on both sides when Frederick William consented to accept half instead of the whole of the coveted kingdom. The compromise leads Treitschke to declare that the Congress of Vienna was a great disappointment to Prussia. He contends that it was due to her King alone that she escaped complete humiliation, since only his steady support of Russia enabled her to obtain any portion of her rights. The presentation of Prussia as the Cinderella of the European Areopagus, the innocent victim of envy, misunderstanding, and ingratitude, is childish enough; but there is no exaggeration in his realistic picture of the selfishness, the greed, and the treachery of the leaders of the alliance which had overthrown Napoleon.

The Congress of Vienna is usually denounced for its blindness to the rights of nationality; but in these pages its greatest sin appears to be the creation of the Bund, by which Germany was enslaved till her fetters were broken by the cannon of Sadowa. "The Federal Act," we read, "was the most unworthy constitution ever imposed on a great civilized nation by rulers of its own blood, a work in many respects even more lamentable than the structure of the old Empire in the century of its extinction. There was here no rust of centuries to conceal the scanty hideousness of the forms. No German heart has ever beat higher at the name of the Germanic Federation." Its joint authors were Austria and the minor States, which, so far from

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blundering into an unworkable scheme, created it with the deliberate intention of limiting the authority and thwarting the growth of Prussia. The Bundestag which sat at Frankfurt was nothing but the ghost of the Imperial Diet which had sat at Regensburg. It was a farce, a gigantic fraud, cries our author excitedly, a fitting organ of the detestable Federation. Hardenberg to some extent believed in it, for he believed in Metternich; but Humboldt saw through the sham, and Stein refused to represent Prussia at the skeleton feast. The world had endured a generation of blood and horror, declares Treitschke, because Germany, in her dismembered condition, had been unable to defend herself. Yet the lesson had not been learned, and the Bundestag showed neither the capacity nor the desire to create a system of national defence. Politicians like Gagern and publicists like Heeren admired the Bund on the ground that it safeguarded the interests of the little States, avoided the evils of centralization, and provided an arena for fruitful political experiments. Such praise from such lips is to Treitschke the supreme condemnation. The need of the country after its terrible experience was national unity and national power. The Federal Constitution was an instrument contrived with exquisite skill to secure the continuance of a divided, defenceless, and invertebrate Germany.

We pass with satisfaction from the minor to the major key in the great chapter entitled: "The Reconstruction of the Prussian State." If Prussia was successfully prevented from exerting her legitimate influence in Germany, no one could veto her internal reorganization. When Treitschke was sharply attacked by his old friend and colleague, Baumgarten, for his gentle handling of Frederick William III., he replied that the royal policy only became reactionary after the shock of Kotzebue's murder. "In all the great problems which came before him in the early years of peace he regularly decided for the cause of reform." Certainly no one can read the masterly pages which describe the reforms without feeling that Prussia was not in the stagnant condition to which most foreign writers condemn her. Maassen abolished the customs barriers between the different provinces, thereby preparing the way for the Zollverein. The most liberal tariff in Europe was introduced in 1818—so liberal that it was held up to admiration in the Free Trade petition of the City of London in 1820. New Universities were founded at Bonn and Breslau. The King terminated the schism between the Calvinist and Lutheran bodies which had long troubled his dominions. Boyen carried on the army reforms which had been initiated by his friend and master, Scharnhorst. Of even greater importance was the noiseless labor of a band of able and devoted administrators, such as Schön in West Prussia and Vincke in Westphalia, ornaments of "the classic age of Prussian bureaucracy." Prussia had doubled her population in the Great War, and the adjustment of boundaries, institutions, and traditions was a task requiring infinite patience and skill. During the Thirty Years' Peace Prussia grew to be the best educated and most efficiently governed country in Central Europe.

No reader will grudge Treitschke his pleasure and pride in recording the peaceful achievements of his adopted State; but it is a very different matter when he adduces them as an argument that political liberty was unnecessary and indeed undesirable. The famous Thirteenth Article of the Federal Act of Vienna bound the members of the Germanic Federation to introduce representative government, and before the final overthrow of Napoleon the King of Prussia promised his people a constitution. This unhappy promise, we are told, ought never to have been given, and the King was under no obligation to fulfil it. "The whole of Prussia was in process of transformation. For some years the State required a monarchical dictatorship. The essentials of organization must first be established before the Government was encumbered with parliamentary forms." Such phrases reveal how far the historian had drifted from the constitutional Liberalism which he had learned from Dahlmann, his beloved teacher at Bonn. He had become convinced that States have to choose between power and liberty, and he believed those which chose the former to be the wisest. Thus Frederick William's error in giving the pledge was almost cancelled by the statesmanlike refusal to redeem it. How different were the rulers of Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden, who "hoped by granting certain harmless repre-

sentative rights to reconcile discontented subjects with their native land, and to alienate the sympathies of the people from the alarming idea of German unity." Treitschke speaks with unconcealed anger of the pride which the possession of constitutional rights inspired in the South Germans, and of the sense of superiority to despotic Prussia which they dared not only to entertain but to display. The young Parliaments became the strongholds of particularism, and he has no mercy for men who sought any other goal than the unification of Germany under the Prussian eagle.

The passion of Treitschke's life was politics; but he had wide interests, and he is one of the few great historians who does justice to the many strands which make up the thread of a nation's life. His superb chapter on "Mental Currents on the First Years of Peace" may be read with pleasure and profit even by those who are revolted by the passionate prejudices of his political narrative. He passes in review the wonderful galaxy of talent which in literature and art, science and scholarship, inaugurated a new era in the intellectual life of Europe. On this neutral ground we learn to know the softer side of his rugged nature. Nowhere, for instance, have the later years of Goethe been more lovingly described.

Treitschke's richly colored prose is peculiarly difficult to reproduce; but on the whole the translators have done their work very well. They should avoid such monstrosities as "viable," "nonviable," "philologist," "artifact," "poietic"; but they and the publishers are to be warmly congratulated on their courage in presenting to English readers a book which, in spite of its glaring faults, remains one of the classics of historical literature.

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THE mere possibility of so coldly brutal and extensive a war as that which has laid hold of Europe at present sets the student a problem of no little difficulty. To the vast majority of mankind war represented, two years ago, much the same picture as that called forth by medieval armor, an activity slightly whimsical, a little picturesque, and wholly brutal and childish. The insurgence of such a mode of thought and action in a world which so generally discredited it has been explained by a number of words and phrases. War is called "primitive," "elemental," a species of "atavism." But such an attribution is founded upon the assumption that primitive man was a less intelligent being than his children who walk the world to-day. It seems the most satisfactory way to shelve the problem. But the interesting thing is that the trend of scientific work is to discredit the assumption completely. So far as we can measure the intelligence of the first men who walked the earth it was remarkably similar to that of mankind to-day.

The geologist and archaeologist, in the persons of Lyell and Avebury, have written their account of the antiquity of man in books of undying fascination. It seems strange that the problem of our far-off ancestors should so long have been abandoned to workers whose interest must be ultimately incidental. It is only recently that Professor Keith has supplied, what was surely desirable, the anatomist's account. He starts with certain undeniable advantages. He is an anthropometrician of the first rank, and if science is measurement we are impelled to cling to this as a clue when we push back through the shadows of the ancient world. Through his hands have passed the bony structures which housed for a space many of our earliest ancestors. He adds, therefore, to the careful, coldly scientific equipment the adventitious value of actual experience in dealing with the chance discoveries of the remains of the earliest of the world's dwellers. He recounts here a test which will set the last doubts of many to rest.

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fragments provided by a number of highly-trained anatomists. The fragments were to correspond to those discovered in the Sussex Weald, and known as the Piltdown skull. The sections cut, unknown to Mr. Keith, from the skull of an ancient Egyptian woman, were sent to him a fortnight before his lecture. In two days he had made, "except in one respect, a fairly accurate reproduction of the original." The estimate of brain capacity was fairly accurate, and since this is our best guide to intellectual capacity, despite the fact that Leibnitz's brain was only three-quarters of the size of Bismarck's, and that Gambetta's brain was of smaller size than that of a savage—it is worthy of special note.

The known remains of early man are passed in review, starting from that Mecca of students, the Igham district of Kent, in an endeavor to follow backward the traces of man from the Neolithic period. On crossing the boundary we come to the Cromagnon type, a tall, lanky race, rather like the Sikhs in build, but with a brain considerably above the modern average. Mr. Keith looks upon the Brün skull and the Grimaldi men as varieties of the Cromagnon race. These men, he would say, lived some 25,000 years ago, and were most clearly affiliated to the peoples of the Punjab. Farther back, we have the Neanderthal man, a markedly simian type, yet with a brain of far from contemptible size. So strongly is he rooted in both human and simian characters that it is not to be wondered at that he came to be regarded as the ancestor of man. Into this class Professor Keith throws the Heidelberg man as an ancestor, and gives evidence to show that the type—one altogether different from modern man—died out about or before the Neolithic period.

The other remains have this distinctive bond, that they have clear and close featural relations with modern man. Some twenty-five in number, each of them has a somewhat clouded ancestry. We can only judge their niche in history by the manner and surroundings of their interment. It is in dealing with them that Professor Keith breaks away from his fellow-workers. These submerged members of earliest humankind would probably be "cut" by reputable members of scientific society for their bar sinister; and even Professor Keith refuses to vouch for the pedigree of the Dartford and Ipswich men. But he is resolute in standing for the antiquity of the Galley Hill men. The human remains, found in 1888 at Galley Hill, Kent, were dug from a depth of eight feet in the "100-feet terrace," which represents a period more ancient than any of which mention has been made. Apart from the primitive marks of the teeth, the Galley Hill remains represent a type of man far more ancient in time of birth, but far more modern in type, than Neanderthal man. The evolutionist looking for a primitive ancestral form may well have felt satisfied with the antiquity of the latter, and have tended to be suspicious of the greater antiquity of the former.

Remains dug from the gravel-pit, off the Avenue de Clichy, Paris, were found to be very similar to those discovered at Galley Hill, even in their eccentricities. They are judged to represent a burial, an important but unprovable point, and as they were found in a deposit which occupies the same place in a series of deposits similar to that of Galley Hill, it seems easier to admit Mr. Keith's conclusion that they are of the age of the stratum, than to believe in so amazing a coincidence. But if we are to do so we must believe that 100,000 or 150,000 years ago the culture and the peoples of the Seine and Thames Valley were much alike, and that, in type, the people were markedly like mankind to-day.

Beyond these remains must be set the Piltdown skull, representing the earliest specimen of true humanity discovered. These remains, part of a skull found in the Sussex Weald by Mr. Charles Dawson, provided the scientific sensation of 1912. Dr. Smith Woodward, who first reconstructed the skull from its fragments, seemed to have discovered the missing form for which the early evolutionists had sought. An odd blend of man and ape, it was represented as coming from the earliest days when man was supposed to be afoot in Europe; but that admission was significant, for it meant the existence of two distinct human types, at the same time. After much painstaking work, Professor Keith, from another reconstruction, came to the conclusion that it was a far more human type—that, in fact, it was markedly similar to that of modern races, though

probably a type which, like Neanderthal man, became extinct.

Professor Keith's book has a distinct fascination for the slight touch of advocacy which impels him to definite conclusions where, at times, a cold scientific analysis would suggest suspension of judgment. His main conclusions are the modernity of type of the most ancient men we know, and the antiquity of the human brain form, which he puts as far back as 1,000,000 years. In tendency, neither is hard to believe; but to admit them as they are put forward is not so easy. This, however, does not detract from the value of a book which will not soon be superseded.

Dr. Joly's collection of essays, several of which have already appeared in various reviews, opens up a number of lines of scientific inquiry with a simplicity, clearness, and freshness that should give it a wide circle of readers. Three of them: the Birth-time of the World, Denudation, and the Abundance of Life, have the effect of prolonging Professor Keith's inquiry. The most interesting of the other essays is that which gives the theory that the "canali" of Mars are surface features produced by the gravitational effects of satellites which at length were drawn into the planet. Dr. Joly makes out a good case, and it is one, moreover, that by no means excludes the conclusion of Mr. Maunders that the lines are integrations of patches. Indeed, the symmetry of the latter seems to require a further explanation.

It is interesting to notice how soon geology has fathered radium and followed up the lines which it suggests. Several of the essays deal directly or indirectly with the effects of radio-activity, which tend to press back the age of the world beyond the limits usually assigned by geologists.

THE NOVEL AS LITERATURE.

"Dead Yesterday." By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. (Duckworth. 6s.)

THE war has gone through so many phases that it is practically impossible to regard its effect upon the national life as an entity or to adjust it to a literary or historical perspective. The passionate hopes which animated so many honest and decent people at the beginning have been or are in process of being falsified and replaced by an impotent horror, not only at the physical suffering, but the moral degradation involved in it. Such confusion, such despair, have had their obvious effect upon literature. It is, of course, axiomatic at all times that the interests of war are hostile to those of letters, in spite of Mr. Gosse's remarks about the *katharsis* of violence, the "Cond's Fluid" of blood. Peace is a concomitant of flourishing art, and no illustrations to the contrary can upset the truism. And a war of such dimensions as this will possibly destroy literature altogether—at any rate, until conditions of a radically different kind can operate to its advantage. A revival of a certain spiritual delicacy is, it is true, to be faintly discerned here and there; but, being necessarily in extreme reaction from the ethics and atmosphere of force, it tends to be attenuated and ephemeral—to suggest the anchorite compelled into his cell, rather than choosing it willingly. The novel, being a more and more decadent branch of letters (by "decadent" we mean that it has exhausted all its traditions and has not the vitality either to transfigure them or to create new ones), has simply followed a journalistic lead. The sporadic impulse of realism is moribund; the habit of catering to a public whose need for violence increases in proportion as its capacity for thought and feeling is blunted, flourishes with that hectic energy which must surely imply the bacillus of consumption. *Post equitem*. . . . The detachment, the tranquillity, the security of art disappear in a whirlwind of engrossing immediacy.

Such considerations do not explain Mrs. Hamilton's "Dead Yesterday," a novel pointedly and explicitly about the war. Mrs. Hamilton has written two other novels, but neither of them, for all their isolated qualities, achieved the coherent work of art. But "Dead Yesterday," in spite of all the disadvantages we have mentioned, in spite of the author's own subjective bias of generous indignation and profound feeling, in spite of the fact that the law of visualizing an object at a regulated distance applies inexorably to art,

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By WM. H. SKAGGS. With an Introduction by T. ANDREA COOK. Cloth, 5s. net.

This is an account of German mercenaries in the American Revolution, of German spies and propagandists, and what they have done in America; from an American point of view by an American. The author is a native of that section of America which was permeated with examples of "German Methods," and is to-day impoverished and harassed by their results.

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"In spite of the horrors of the book before us, we most earnestly hope that our politicians, our clergymen of all denominations, and our publicists will buy Professor Morgan's book and read it carefully."—*The Spectator*.

WHAT THE IRISH REGIMENTS HAVE DONE.

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By J. E. PATTERSON. Author of "Epistles from Deep Seas," "My Vagabondage," etc. 6s.

In this new novel we have a high-minded young farmer who becomes entangled with the passionate wife of a neighbour. His brother, the would-be gentleman of the district, and a most pathetic, natural and convincing figure in the deserted husband. There is a conflict of love and passion, honour and fraud, and the joys and tears that they yield. It is realistic, strong, and convincing.

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"Mr. Joseph Keating has achieved some success as a novelist; but the best novel he has yet written is undoubtedly 'My Struggle for Life.' We are not, of course, using the word novel as a synonym for a work of fiction; his story is obviously fact, and bears the stamp of truth on every page."—*TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT*.

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The hero, brought up as a recluse, is suddenly brought to London. Comes under the influence of an unscrupulous scientist, who designs his ruin by hypnotic influence. He is made to love two women at the same time, with disastrous results. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.

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We express our regrets to the Advertisers whose Announcements we are compelled to omit this week.

most curiously does achieve it. Her work is an entity; it finally accomplishes the purpose it set out to do. Minor faults it possesses in plenty—tricks of over-emphasis, an occasional dispersion of interest and too abrupt grouping of characters, a stiffness and angularity in the momentum of the more congenial characters, and a tendency to subtilize personal relations upon a paucity of material. For all that, "Dead Yesterday" is a definite consummation fulfilled out of a positive intellectual curiosity, a power of consistent and analytic thought, and an emotion intense enough to grope outwards into a universal rather than individual contact. Even these qualities, exceptional as they are in a kinematographic age, do not quite explain how Mrs. Hamilton manages, in the first place, to illustrate the effect of the war upon psychologically contrasted groups and personalities so confidently and impartially and, in the second place, to direct the searchlights of these dissentient personalities from different angles upon the war, in such a way as to strip it of its illusions. The point is that it is not a personal but a dramatic judgment—on the actual results of her inquiries, Mrs. Hamilton may be right or wrong—in the unerring evolution of her motive (in the technical sense), there is no false connotation between the conclusion and the premises. To put it quite unambiguously, Mrs. Hamilton's novel is not in the slightest degree a pacifist tract. Nor is it a creation of sheer genius. It is an honestly and sensitively realized work of art travelling inevitably to its appointed end. And for Mrs. Hamilton to use the outworn symbols of the novel (for her methods are not uncompromisingly original) so triumphantly, is a tribute to intellectual sincerity which the accumulated false values of the novel cannot modify.

A delicate and pitiful irony is, perhaps, the virtue which acts as umpire between the characters and the war, placing them in relation with each other, and the novelist in a spectatorial attitude neither too near nor too remote. We are not sure that irony is not one of the few artistic methods which refuses to absorb male and female distinctions. A masculine irony is a very different thing from a feminine. And it is due to no prejudice on our part in either direction that we think that a more masculine irony might have turned "Dead Yesterday" into a work of genius. Mrs. Hamilton's irony is too delicate and too pitiful to grasp all the implications of her theme in such a way as to make terror massively dependent upon pity and pity upon terror. It is not lack of courage—her determination to probe the validity of all the complicated emotions to which the war has given birth under whatever disguise, and to apply the standard of consecutive reason and spiritual feeling to them indiscriminately, is magnificently courageous. It is a kind of fragility, which makes her almost too responsive to the futility which is the sword of Mars, too responsive for her art's sake.

Mrs. Hamilton deals, as we have said, with a number of contrasted groups and individuals in her books. The intellectuals of the younger generation are her particular care. Her early chapters give a really exquisite picture of their reaction from their elders' external creeds and institutions, and their incapacity to construct a faith and a truth on their own account. When the war comes they accept, not it, but its formulæ. Numbers of them enjoy it—if not a faith, it is a sensational substitute:—

"If you'd met Myrtle Toller, all in black, as I did two days ago, you'd agree with me, Aurelia. I happened to see Herbert before he died, if you could call what I saw a human being at all. I won't try to tell you what it was like . . . you say London's a Calvary? I daresay it is, to you, but I assure you there are thousands of so-called civilized people to whom it's a Coliseum. Did you see Sir Anthony Toller's letter in Thursday's paper? Well, that's what I mean. It's obscene, gladiatorial. I assure you it makes me sick. I've met a handful of men who were fascinated by shell-fire—men who'd been in it, and who go back because they can't keep away: soldiers, not journalists, they're exceptional. But London is full of such people. I can understand men who seize the chance of death because they find life intolerable, but to do it vicariously, as Nigel and his crowd do. . . . No, London seems to me more hideous than France."

The actual details of the plot need not concern us. They are properly subordinate to the significance of the general impression. Nigel Strode, whose engagement to Daphne Leonard is broken by her, in spite of her passionate affection for him, because the war betrays his incapacity

either to feel deeply (and so to see clearly) or to accept the depth and meaning of her love—is a kind of embodiment (without losing his personal identity) of the illusions which all wars foster. Mrs. Hamilton's novel, which is sufficiently detached to embrace all intricate aspirations, agonies, passions, loves and hatreds which the war has incited, ought, indeed, to be an invaluable document to posterity. It is certainly the most powerful book, as literature, which the war has produced, or, particularly in these dark days, is likely to do.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Interpretation of History." By L. C. JANE. (Dent. 5s. net.)

THIS is the kind of book which, issuing as it does from Oxford, makes one inclined to despair of English political thought. It carries one back to the time, which seems generations ago, when economists and political thinkers alike relied on a "few simple principles" as a key to the complexity of human affairs. The author, who is a good historical scholar, can find no better use for his knowledge than to revert to the long-abandoned search "to discover," as he says in the Preface, "some underlying factor in accordance with which history may be interpreted and the occurrence of all events explained." This factor is to be found, he tells us (though he makes no attempt to prove it), "in the existence of a mental conflict as to the means by which happiness is to be attained." He traces this conflict in the life of the individual in connection with the emotions of love and religion, and then, having constructed a wholly artificial theory of individual psychology, applies it *sans phrases* to nations, and illustrates it throughout the course of European history. "Every State, like every individual, enters upon the search for happiness." We would recommend the author, before next he tackles these difficult subjects, to go to school with Mr. Graham Wallas and other modern critics of Benthamism. The book ends with a sentence forecasting the results of the present war upon the future of humanity, which for Delphic obscurity and prophetic caution may be compared to the utterances of the great Van Rensturg himself.

"My Recollections of Australia and Elsewhere." By the Hon. J. M. CREED. (Jenkins. 16s. net.)

DR. CREED has taken a leading part in Australian politics for many years, and he publishes these recollections partly in order to show that Australians still look on the Mother Country with affection, and partly to explain his attitude towards political problems that are likely to occupy the Imperial Parliament for some time to come. Dr. Creed emigrated with his family to Australia in 1842, and after some time spent as a "Jackeroo" about Wangamong, in New South Wales, he qualified as a medical man, and practised, first in the bush, and afterwards in Sydney. In 1885, he became a member of the Legislative Council, and was thus launched into politics. He helped to carry the re-organization of the defence forces, advocated and passed a measure of temperance reform, opposed woman franchise unsuccessfully, and argued against the indiscriminating effort of many Australian electors to exclude all colored races. Other chapters deal with the romance of Australian mining, the bushrangers, horse-breeding, and the author's experiences of the occult, in which he is a firm believer. Altogether a pleasant volume of recollections, with the usual supply of anecdotes of celebrities and accounts of eccentric characters whom the author has encountered.

"My Struggle for Life." By JOSEPH KEATING. (Simpkin, Marshall. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. KEATING has crowded more changes of occupation into his life than have usually been experienced even by those exceptional people who write autobiographies. Pitboy, pedlar, fiddler, reporter, clerk, rent-collector, novelist, dramatist—these are but a few of the parts he has played. Needless to say, an autobiographer with such varied material can easily avoid dullness, and Mr. Keating's book throws a

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searchlight upon many aspects of life that are commonly obscured. But its chief interest—as is proper in an autobiography—is the character of the autobiographer. Through all his vicissitudes, from one shaky job to another, until success was won, he preserved a robust and human kindliness. Much of Mr. Keating's life was spent in Wales, and he tells of a visit to a meeting of Welsh Nationalists at Cardiff, when the principal speaker was a young man whose appearance was anything but striking. "His black, morning coat was badly cut, his trousers bagged at the knees, his long, black hair was disordered, and dust and perspiration had soiled his white collar and hollow cheeks." Yet this untidy young man gave the impression of genius, and when Mr. Keating looked for his name on a bill he found that it was Mr. D. Lloyd George.

The Week in the City.

A TRULY remarkable feature of the last few days has been the firmness and even buoyancy of the Stock Markets, which can only be attributed to a growing belief that peace is not far distant. Sir Edward Grey's American interview is thought to make a distinct advance. Treasury bills are in great demand, and no doubt Mr. McKenna wishes that Exchequer Bonds were in more favor. But, of course, most investors among business men want to have ready cash when the speculative chaos begins and credit is perhaps difficult to obtain. Another symptom of changing psychology has been the recent improvement in the paper currencies of Continental belligerents. The Scandinavian exchanges are still heavily against us; but there are hopes, I hear, of a commercial bargain with Sweden in which coal and pulp will figure. The daily newspapers here have been in dire straits ever since Mr. Runciman began to treat pulp as a luxury.

HOME RAILWAY PRIOR CHARGES EX MINIMA.

On Monday the minimum price restrictions on the fixed interest-bearing securities of the Home Railway Market, which have been in force for over sixteen months, were removed, with the result that quotations were heavily scaled down, the fall varying from 9 to 21½ points, as will be seen from the following table:—

	Amount in Issue.	Rate of Interest.	Mini- Price.	Fall from May 16, 1916.	Mini- Price.	New Yields.
<i>Debenture Stocks.</i>						
Caledonian ...	11,824,686	4	98	78	20	5 2 7
Great Central ...	11,383,060	3½	78½	65	13½	5 7 8
Great Eastern ...	18,200,567	4	95	77½	17½	5 3 9
Great Northern ...	15,241,538	3	71½	59½	11½	5 0 5
Great Western ...	15,191,024	4	96	80	16	5 0 0
Nondon & N. Western	39,022,343	3	73½	60	13½	5 0 0
London & S. Western	14,478,519	3	71½	60½	11½	4 19 7
London, Brighton ...	5,869,602	4½	107½	87½	20½	5 2 10
Midland ...	43,593,170	2½	59½	50	9½	5 0 0
North Eastern ...	24,204,775	3	71½	60	11½	5 0 0
<i>Guaranteed Stocks.</i>						
Great Eastern ...	4,966,596	4	93	76	17	5 5 3
Great Western ...	17,945,189	5	117½	96½	21	5 3 8
London & N. Western	15,100,406	4	95	78	17	5 2 7
Midland ...	18,089,561	2½	58½	49½	9	5 0 6
<i>Preference Stocks.</i>						
Great Eastern ...	11,866,708	4	68	74	14	5 8 1
Great Northern ...	12,819,530	4	93	76	17	5 5 3
Great Western ...	11,936,348	5	116½	96	21½	5 5 3
Midland ...	63,989,944	2½	57½	47½	10	5 4 9

At Tuesday's prices the only stock to yield less than 5 per cent. is South Western 3 per cent. There has been some improvement in prices since the beginning of the week, for holders are unwilling to part with stock at such low

levels. The stocks in the above list are irredeemable, and make a most attractive lock-up investment, while the preferences, which have been slightly more active during the week, give returns of 5½ per cent. and over.

CANADIAN RAILWAY TROUBLES.

News was received last week that proposals have been laid before the Dominion Parliament to grant financial assistance to the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern Railways—\$8,000,000 to the Grand Trunk and \$15,000,000 to the Canadian Northern, and last Tuesday a Bill authorizing the loan was passed by the Dominion House of Commons. The Board of the Grand Trunk evidently think the position serious, for the Chairman wrote to Sir R. Borden last September, suggesting that the Government should take over the Grand Trunk Pacific as from January 1st, 1916, the Grand Trunk surrendering its holding of Pacific Common Stock, and the Government releasing it of all liability and repaying it the \$26,000,000, advanced by it to the Pacific Co. When Sir R. Borden proposed that the Government should advance the amount of the deficiency in the fixed charges of the Pacific, the Chairman stated that the Grand Trunk would be unable to meet its new liabilities, and was "at the end of its tether," adding that the Board felt it its duty "to make every sacrifice to save the numerous present investors in England, who, in perfect good faith, contributed at a very moderate rate of interest the many millions which built the Grand Trunk Pacific." The outlook is obscure, and some of the Grand Trunk junior stocks have, naturally, been weak, but there is no reason for holders to take alarm. For if the Pacific road should pass ultimately to the Government authorities, relieving the parent company of its Pacific obligations, it would be all to the good.

THE WHITE STAR LINE.

The Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, whose shares are held by the International Mercantile Marine, has had a bumper year. Profits, which are arrived at after making a reserve for excess profits tax, have risen to £1,968,285, as compared with £887,548 a year ago, and £1,121,268 for 1913. The depreciation allowance is raised from £398,967 to £428,712, while special allowances of £100,000 each are made for the depreciation of the "Britannic" and the "Olympic." The General Reserve Fund and the General Purposes Fund both get £250,000, as against nothing in the two previous years. The dividend on the ordinary shares is raised from 35 to 65 per cent., the rate paid in 1913, and the balance carried forward is increased by £95,000, at £156,700.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE.

The report for 1915 shows that the company is in a strong position. In the fire account the premiums were £1,716,600, as against £1,655,700 a year ago. The net losses were £872,500, and the fire funds were increased by £124,500, a sum of £133,700 being transferred to profit and loss account. The accident premiums were £909,000, practically the same as last year, and the losses £461,800. The total addition to profit and loss account from fire, marine, and accident accounts is £349,600, making an available balance of £1,247,800. A sum of £85,000 has been written off investments, and £10,000 has been transferred to the Staff Pensions Fund. The total dividend for the year works out at 29s. per share, or 58 per cent., leaving a balance of £859,600 at the credit of the profit and loss account.

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THE Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the British Dominion General Insurance Co., Ltd., was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., on Wednesday, May 17th, 1916, Mr. F. Handel Booth, M.P., Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. John Gardiner, A.C.A.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: You have all had copies of the report and accounts. Is it your pleasure that we take them as read? (Agreed.) Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great pleasure that we meet you to present the accounts for the year 1915, and to be able to record that once more we have had a very prosperous year. Turning to the accounts, you will observe that the marine revenue account now exceeds one million sterling, the exact figure being £1,020,354, as against £404,109 in 1914. This increase is caused by the large amount of premium paid to include war risks. The increase is quite abnormal, and when the war is terminated it is to be expected that this amount will show a much less premium income. There is no great achievement in obtaining a large premium income, it is quite easy to obtain, but not so easy if it is made up of profitable business. The pleasing feature is when we look at the other side of the account and see that the claims paid during the year 1915 for that year and all previous years amount to £444,246, as against £263,228 in 1914, and that the total balance available after paying all expenses is £747,942, against £355,238 in 1914. As you will see by referring to the balance-sheet, your directors have dealt with the balance by adding £50,000 to the special reserve fund, making some £150,000, and £33,000 to investment reserve fund, raising same to £75,000; taking the latter fund into account, our investments now stand at less than the market price on December 31st last. It is a very satisfactory financial position to be in, considering the large amount of our investments, and there should be a fair prospect of appreciation in future years; over and above this, we have written off £15,672 loss on realization of investments; this was caused by your directors taking the opportunity offered of converting all Consols into War Loan. Whilst on this subject, I am proud to be able to inform our shareholders that we, during the year under review, applied for over £480,000 of War Loans and Treasury Bills. (Applause.) I venture to say that in proportion to our size and our available resources, that puts us relatively and comparatively in a higher position from the national standpoint than any other insurance company in the city.

Now, turning to the fire and general revenue account. The premium income is £276,322, as against £206,032 in 1914, roughly an increase of £70,000; the amount carried forward as reserve, after making provision for all claims intimated but not paid is £135,578, against £87,306 in 1914, in round figures £48,000 more. Here the growth is steady and sound. To sum up, our total premium income has increased from £610,142 to £1,296,676, and our assets from £872,111 to £1,412,678; all our assets are good, and are shown in detail in the accounts submitted to you; so far as we are aware, we have no bad debts. I mentioned last year that the company had reached that happy position by which the dividends are more than provided for from interest received from investments, and this enables the directors to add to the reserve funds each successful year. I predicted that the additional interest coming in would automatically enable your board to recommend increased dividends. It is with very great pleasure your directors recommend that a dividend should be paid for the last half of 1915 pro rata, which, together with the interim dividend paid, will make 10 per cent. for the year, free of all income-tax; this is really equivalent to 11½ per cent., without deducting income-tax. I may say, in conclusion, as I will leave my colleague, Mr. E. M. Mountain, who will second the motion, to speak from the expert standpoint, that your directors feel in recommending this dividend that there is every prospect of its being maintained. I beg to move the report and accounts be adopted, and I will ask Mr. Mountain to second the resolution.

Mr. E. M. Mountain (Managing Director): Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, it is pleasing to record once more that we have had a good year, this result, as I have had occasion to remark in previous years, has been brought about by the strenuous work and good judgment of the various managers of our different departments at home and abroad, and also by the exceptional hard work and *esprit de corps* of the whole staff, who especially this year, on account of the large numbers who have joined the Forces, have had a very hard and self-sacrificing time. Our Chairman has dealt with the figures, and therefore I will not waste any of your time in further commenting on them. The chief feature is the large increase in the marine revenue account, which is common to most other

companies; this, as our Chairman has wisely pointed out, is caused by exceptional circumstances, and will probably show a falling-off when the war is over, if not before. The principal feature in the marine insurance market has been the necessity of all merchants and shipowners to protect themselves against the very serious war hazards which are so well known to all of you. At the beginning of the war the Government, with the hearty support and assistance of underwriters, originated a State Insurance Scheme, with the idea that it would be *pro bono publico*. Subject to very few restrictions, the Government, with the idea of preventing panic prices at any time prevailing, which naturally would have affected the price of foodstuffs, and all commodities, decided that they would accept practically unlimited amounts on all British vessels both on cargo and hull, at rates to be fixed from time to time, not at the commencement, with the view of competing with underwriters, but more with the idea of being a safety-valve or large overflow pipe. Very shortly after the war commenced, the Government rate on cargo was reduced to 2½s. per cent. for any voyage. Therefore, as underwriters had to accept this rate, or slightly under, it will be readily understood, that whilst it was much more convenient for a merchant to cover his ordinary marine and war risks with his usual insurance company, if the rate charged was in excess of the premium at which the Government would accept it, although the inconvenience might be great, the merchant would be compelled to go to the Government. The trade of the country, however, was still largely dependent on underwriters, and the Government, under this scheme, could not accept shipments by neutral vessels, neither had they the machinery to deal with vessels which had already sailed, which might or might not be lost, and which would require expert judgment to assess. Moreover, however perfect their machinery might be, they could not cope with the entire trade of the country. The whole situation was uncertain. No expert could possibly tell, with any accuracy, how many vessels might be sunk, not only by submarines or mines, but by roving cruisers, many of which were known to be at large, such as the "Emden," and others which might escape, such as the "Möwe." If affairs went badly and losses very heavy, underwriters could not hope to recuperate their losses by raising the premium, unless the Government also raised their rate, which was unlikely and which subsequent events have proved, in spite of the recent more numerous sinkings, they have not done. The great majority of underwriters, however, largely with the idea of maintaining trade, accepted the risks, and up to a short time ago, owing to the magnificent efforts of our Navy, succeeded in making a very hard earned profit. They were very disappointed, however, that when the Excess Profits Act was passed, in spite of the extremely hazardous risks they had run, at a premium controlled by the Government, no provision was definitely made to meet their case. It is true that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in debate in the House of Commons stated that, in his opinion, underwriters were a matter for special consideration; but it is left to a Tribunal to decide what that consideration is to be. The Bill did not legislate for future profits, but for past profits. Since the first Act was passed, taking 50 per cent. of all excess profits, as is well known a further Act was passed, taking 60 per cent. This, in the Chancellor's own words, means, that of any excess profits earned including Income Tax, 77 per cent. has to be paid to the Government. It is not a business proposition that underwriters should take this burden over and above their ordinary business, a burden, which by its very nature is admittedly very hazardous, and that 77 per cent. of such profit should be paid to the Government, but any ultimate loss should be wholly borne by the underwriters. I do not think a more patriotic set of men than underwriters as a body exists, but as they mostly operate with other people's money, it is a question of whether the most ardent patriot, however eager he may be to help his country, in his limited capacity, can feel justified in risking money entrusted to his care on these lines. It is to be hoped that this Tribunal will speedily come to some decision, because undoubtedly the trade of the country is being handicapped at present whilst this point is unsettled. The next important item is the insurance of Hull against ordinary Marine perils. I referred last year to the increased cost of repairs brought about by the war. It is universally known how the cost of labor and materials has risen, also the increased cost of docking, &c. This burden has to be borne by underwriters. In consequence of the present state of affairs, shipowners have received phenomenal freights. They should recognize as a body that a small proportion of these extra freights must be paid away in increased insurance premiums. It is obviously quite impossible that underwriters could pay all these admittedly increased cost of repairs, which mostly fall on their shoulders, if they only receive the pre-war standard of premium. Whilst underwriters have not insisted on any increase in premium, they have made such regulations that an owner who wishes to properly protect his property to-day must largely increase the amount insured, which operates to a certain extent in the favor of underwriters. The great difficulty, however, in which underwriters find themselves is that owing to the scarcity of tonnage and the great demand for same, vessels damaged are not being repaired, but are being patched up until the pressure subsides, and in consequence the claims are not presented or paid by underwriters, but will all come forward at some future date. The figures on Hull insurance from an underwriting point of view are therefore quite fallacious, and require much heavier reserves than in normal years. With cargo insurance the chief feature has been abnormal, fires causing heavy losses principally from American ports. Undoubtedly many of these fires are of an incendiary nature, several cunningly planned devices for causing fires having been discovered when discharging

cargoes, some of which have failed to operate. The removal of lights, and also the great dearth of salvage vessels, many of which are now otherwise employed, have caused extra losses. By degrees, however, no doubt the market will adjust itself to these new features. Turning to the fire and general revenue account, you will have observed that the premium income has increased by something like £70,000, and now amounts to the substantial figure of £276,000. By far the largest proportion of this premium income is on account of fire business, which department, I am glad to say, is developing on sound lines. We have included in the figures of the fire department the premiums received on account of Aircraft business, and I think it well to mention to you that whilst this was an unknown quantity, we had our own ideas as to how it could be made to pay. The business was conducted with great care, and our risk was spread to such an extent that a calamity in any one town was a far-off contingency. As you are probably aware, we have not written this business on our own account since July last, since when we have been acting as agents for the Government. Included in the fire premium figures, therefore, are only the premiums received in the first seven months of the year, and the great majority of risks have run off with very good results. I have mentioned this matter of aircraft insurance, as I am aware that very exaggerated reports have been spread regarding the premiums taken on this business. Our premiums, however, after deducting re-insurances, are not by any means a large figure, not exceeding £40,000, and the conclusions we came to after most careful considerations have proved correct. Steady, but good progress has been made in the fire department for the past year, and whilst the combined experience of offices in Home business was not a very profitable one generally, and a large number of other offices have made most of their profits on Foreign business, I am happy to say that this Company escaped most of the serious Home losses, and our loss ratio under this heading was exceedingly satisfactory. It may interest you to know that our largest gross loss at any one fire did not exceed £4,000. Whilst we are rapidly developing our Home connections, the greatest care is being exercised in the selection of business; the office is not out for rate cutting and indiscriminate acceptances. The introduction of the "All-in" policy at the end of the year is an innovation, the results of which will be apparent in the coming year. The policy is undoubtedly the most comprehensive, liberal, and up-to-date document ever offered to the public, and has been very well received, and if the remaining months produce the same average as the months that have gone, we shall have every reason to be satisfied with our enterprise. Dealing with motor insurance, although, owing to the war, a large number of private cars have been laid up, it is satisfactory to note that there has been a steady increase in the premium income of this department, and, despite the additional risks caused by lighting restrictions and the influx of inexperienced drivers, the results have been most satisfactory. With regard to Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation, we are bound by no tariff and quote for each case presented to us on its own merits. Our business has progressed and has been profitable. The same statement applies to License and Indemnity Insurances. In fact, I am pleased to be able to inform our shareholders that every department which we now possess has shown a profit from its inception to date, whilst all years cannot be equally favourable. I think we may look forthwith with great confidence to the future. I have great pleasure in seconding the proposal that the report and accounts be adopted.

Mr. Mackenzie proposed, and Mr. Wigley seconded, that the dividends on the Preference shares paid on the 1st January, 1916, be confirmed.

Mr. Cullick proposed, and Mr. Marshall seconded, that a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent, free of income-tax, for the year ended 31st December, 1915, be paid on the Ordinary shares on the amount for the time being paid up thereon, due allowance being made in respect of the Interim Dividend paid on 1st July, 1916.

Mr. Charles Williams proposed, Mr. Frank Rogerson seconded, that Mr. P. H. Marshall be re-elected a member of the Board.

Mr. J. Lyon proposed, and Mr. Marriott seconded, that Messrs. W. Arthur Addinsell & Co. be re-elected Auditors.

A vote of thanks to the Board and the Directors terminated the proceedings.

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